

THE DEFENDER

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Number 7

Defenders' Song, "Faith of Our Fathers"

Defenders' Motto, "Back to The Bible"

The Saloon Must Not Come Back

By Rev. J. W. Winrod, Converted Bartender

A Lawless Profession

Powerful and organized, well financed, Wet interests are determined to gain control of our government and use it as an instrument for the extension of their selfish aims. They are resorting to the most despicable tactics but this is characteristic of the liquor industry. It has always been an unruly, lawless thing. You cannot believe a Wet politician because he is invariably actuated by selfish motives, and his very philosophy of life lacks discipline and conscience. I know because I used to be one.

The liquor interests have little regard for law and order. They exist to satisfy depraved appetites. Back in the old days when the plan of "state rights" was in operation, it was utterly impossible to keep alcohol from flowing from one state into another. Some one should refresh the memory of Mr. Hoover concerning this matter, because his plan of each state being a law unto itself was tried in the days when I was a bartender, and it proved to be an absolute failure. Kansas had a law on its statute books designed to close the saloons but we bartenders refused to obey it and the corrupt politicians, who were under our control, demanded that we pay a small fine every month and thus we kept open. The Wets have much to say about the existence of bootleggers under the Eighteenth Amendment, but they fail to explain that there were more bootleggers when the licensed saloons were open than there are today. In one city in Pennsylvania alone the saloon keepers complained to the officials that there were over 3,000 liquor-shops operating which were violating the law by refusing to pay their license.

Crime Would be Increased

Those of us who know both sides of the liquor business deplore the vulgar spectacle of Mr. Roosevelt, a candidate for President, running over the Country telling the people that he would like to put a white apron on Uncle Sam like I used to wear and place him behind a bar for the purpose of collecting taxes on the downfall of his fellow citizens. For every dollar of taxation which Mr. Roosevelt would collect it is a known fact that \$6.00 would have to be paid out to try to curb the crime which his licensed liquor business would produce.

The best man in the world is not a safe citizen if he allows himself to come under

the influence of alcohol. If the Wet politicians who have gained control of both of our major political parties start tinkering with the Volstead Law or if we allow them to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, they will precipitate the greatest outburst of crime that any nation in modern times has ever witnessed. There is a Wet crest of waves at the present time which is carrying the mass mind on its angry billows, and some of us who know what a dangerous thing the alcoholic drug is, are working and praying to the end that this momentum will soon spend itself before the Country makes a grave mistake. Alcohol is a hideous, deadening narcotic which takes the keen edge off of the conscience, destroys all of the finer sensibilities, burns out the emotions, breaks down morality and wrecks the physical body.

No one could have seen what I saw in the days of the old saloon when I was a bartender and ever smile or speak flippantly when the possibility of the return of alcohol is discussed. As I look back, words fail

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Rev. J. W. Winrod

This picture shows Mr. Winrod holding the original Carry Nation hatchet, which was used when she smashed his, the first saloon that she ever attacked. It is called "The hatchet that awakened a nation from its drunken slumber."

With Moody During The World's Fair In Chicago

By Dr. John A. Davis,
Practical Bible Training School,
Binghamton, New York.

AFTER surrendering my life to God in an earnest prayer meeting, being filled with the Spirit and genuine willingness to surrender everything to the will of the Lord, I went to Chicago. I was at the Moody Institute during the World's Fair and was selected to wait on Mr. Moody and provide for his personal wishes. This brought me into very close contact with him. From that association I gained a close observation of that unusual man and his life has ever been an inspiration to me. I believe Moody was one of the chosen men of God, chosen to demonstrate what God can do with a man who is fully surrendered.

After Mr. Moody got his vision to put on a great campaign during the World's Fair, he induced several Chicago churches to place his speakers, five theaters and several tents were also engaged. That he might reach the thousands of people who would visit the Fair during the summer, he asked for the help of some of the great preachers and singers of his day. He obtained the services of such men as Dr. John McNeal "the Scottish Spurgeon," Dr. Dickinson, Dr. A. J. Gordon, Fred Schiverea, and about sixty others, who were willing to go to Chicago and put their best into the campaign. As I remember it, it cost him about seven hundred dollars a day to operate the program, rent the buildings, handle the advertising, remunerate the speakers, etc.

In securing funds, sometimes he would write short letters asking different givers to aid in this stupendous work. At other times he would go to his knees and ask God to send what he needed. In appealing for funds he approached the task like he did when going after souls, direct, emphatic, simple and with absolute confidence. One of his dominant characteristics was frankness.

One day he called some of the workers together and said, "I need \$3,000.00 at once. I am too busy to go out and ask folks or to present the need. I want you to pray definitely for the Lord to send it in at once." After the prayer service, which was not long, he went on with his duties. In a short time he was given a telegram from North-

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ITEMS *to* INTEREST DEFENDERS

A CHANGE in government postal regulations requires that the publishers of magazines shall pay two cents for each return notice notifying the Editor that a magazine has not been delivered. Unless the subscribers of a journal, having as large a circulation as *The Defender*, are careful to inform the publisher when a change of address has been made, the cost of these notices amounts to considerable over a period of a month. For that reason *Defender* Readers are earnestly solicited to notify the Editor promptly when a change of address is made, giving both the old and new locations.

"THIS IS THE WORK OF REDS," said England's Home Secretary, Sir John Gilmore, a few days ago, when a mob of 10,000 persons attacked the police on the banks of the River Thames, thereby violating a law which forbids any kind of a demonstration within one mile of Parliament. Sir John continued, "That Movement, if such it can be called, has a material connection with Moscow." From all over England, Scotland and Wales, jobless men are stubbornly marching toward London though the newspapers call them "dupes of Moscow."

CHUNKY PREMIER HERRIOT of France is burdened with problems at the present time which would crush most men, but his sense of humor is proving a great help. Delivering an address in Paris during the last week in October he said, "Ah, Messieurs, I am too much of a philosopher to worry about the possibility of my Government falling. I have already experienced it twice. Being Premier in France is very much like being a steeple-chase jockey. Half the skill is in knowing how to fall."

MUCH MUD-SLINGING has characterized the present political campaign. Len Small, Republican nominee for Governor of Illinois, backed by William "Halotosis" Thompson was the target of this fire from Mayor Cermack of crime-ridden Chicago, "The two greatest spendthrifts Illinois suffered in public office were Thompson and Small. To think that those gold-dust twins are talking about economy is laughable. They have brought Chicago and Illinois nothing but disgrace and contempt."

OUT IN WASHINGTON State, Senator Wesley Jones uses the following letter from Senator Borah on his speech making tours: "Jones and I sat together in the little old church school at Enfield, Illinois. We have been friends ever since. We separated as boys but met again in the West . . . I think I know him. . . I shall be more than happy if he is successful in the election."

SOME PRESS REPORTS concede the election of Rev. "Fighting Bob" Shuler of Los Angeles to the United States Senate. Mr. Shuler is running against Democratic McAdoo and Republican Tubbs. A Methodist preacher, born in Virginia, the veteran of many battles for morality and sobriety, Mr. Shuler during his speech making over California is traveling in a Ford. If he is elected there will be another powerful Dry voice in the Senate. While driving through the San Joaquin Valley he bought three sacks of onions from a farmer for 90 cents

saying, "I'm going to take these sacks of onions to Washington, eat 'em every day and blow my breath all over the Senators until they pass laws to allow the growers to make money."

"WE WANT BEER" howled a St. Louis crowd to Presidential Nominee Roosevelt and he promised it to them. If Roosevelt is elected, and as these words are written it looks like he will be, the future of the Country appears to be anything but promising. One wonders what kind of a cabinet he will appoint. Doubtless the Wet Roman Catholic Raskob will be given a position and it is rumored that Al Smith will be made Secretary of State, while certainly campaign manager "Jim" Farley, a member of the Knights of Columbus, will also be given some strategic position. The Tammany taint which is so pronounced in New York City will put an odor of corruption on everything that it touches in Washington. . . . After Mr. Hoover had shaken hands with about 2,000 White House guests recently and the blood was oozing from his torn fingers, his physician ordered him to retire. Sneeringly, Nominee Roosevelt boasted to an audience of 100,000 persons in Indianapolis, "I like to shake hands and can do it without hurting my hands."

CALVIN COOLIDGE is a graduate of Amherst. Recently two Amherst graduates attending a dinner in Madrid, Spain sent a long cable to Mr. Coolidge asking for a message, explaining that his reply would cost nothing. The complete text of his answer characteristically consisted of one word, "Greetings."

ALL OVER North Carolina, and in other Southern states, one may see "Hoovercarts." The fad began in Wayne County, North Carolina when a depressed farmer cut off the rear end of his automobile, fastened shafts to the axle, thus making it into a two wheel cart, backed in a mule and went riding. Other farmers who could not buy 23 cent gasoline with 7 cent cotton did the same, so the roads were soon covered with Hoovercarts. At the village of Goldsboro, some 400 carts went on parade. They bore all kinds of striking placards, such as "Hoover got my mule" and "The spirit of Hoover." Some of the carts were drawn by oxen. Mr. Hoover carried North Carolina in the last election by 61,914 votes; that was before he turned Wet.

IF HERBERT HOOVER is defeated on November 8th he can thank the false strategy of eastern politicians who prevailed upon him to renounce his position as the great spokesman of the moral forces of the nation, when he made his Wet declaration. With the backing of the solid Dry vote his election would have been certain.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT used to thunder his editorials through the columns of "The Outlook Magazine." Before him the readers heard from the powerful pens of Lyman Abbott and Henry Ward Beecher. Last month Al Smith became its editor. The articles appearing in the first issue under his management sounded like a Democratic political speech. His crude mannerism and salty and unpolished rhetoric came

bursting out of every page. Other parts of the magazine contained a dull, dry rehash of routine material. Though not a good politician, he seems to be a poorer editor.

THE MEANEST TRICK that one can play on a wealthy woman is to tell her that the best way to clean her Oriental pearls is to swish them through boiling water. They will lose their moonbeam lustre and crack open. Last month a Japanese pearl merchant, Kokichi Mikimoto, seized a blunt spade and shoveled 720,000 pearls into a fiery furnace as his sacrifice to the depression. He stepped back a hero and listened to the shouts of pearl dealers. "Banzai! May you live 10,000 years oh Most Honorable Kokichi Mikimoto!" The price of pearls has risen. Pearl King Mikimoto owns an oyster bed of 41,000 acres. He knows how to feed oysters in a way to make them produce pearls. His sacrifice saved the pearl market of the Orient.

THAT THERE is a drift toward Communism in Mexico any informed person will not dispute. In breaking the stranglehold of Roman Catholicism, the pendulum has swung to the opposite extreme. One day last month Pope Pius XI spoke "a piece of his mind" in the form of a papal encyclical headed "Acerba Animi" which means "bitterness of soul," and his words were bitter. The policy of the Mexican government was branded as being "iniquitous and impious." Many another denunciatory phrase was used to which Mexican President Rodriguez shot back, "In answer to the open incitation made to the clergy to provoke agitation, I declare that at the slightest manifestation of disorder the Government will proceed with full energy to resolve definitely this problem, which has cost this nation so much blood and sacrifice . . . If the insolent, defiant attitude. . . continues, I am determined that the churches will be converted into schools and shops for the benefit of the nation's proletariat classes."

WHEN GOVERNOR James Rumsey Beverly of Porto Rico advocated birth control as a solution to the overpopulation problem of the Island he stirred up a hornet's nest of protest. Let it be respectfully suggested that Porto Rico's greater need is a wide spread spiritual awakening in the form of a genuine revival. This alone will stir the conscience of the people, dispell ignorance, disease and superstition among the down trodden classes and at the same time lift moral standards.

"OH MR. PRESIDENT, distress has overtaken us. We come to you in our heaviest hour. Some few have gone so far as to say that you do not believe in human equality. Speak, Mr. President, speak!" This emotional outburst came from the lips of a Chicago negro, R. C. Simmons, who headed a delegation of 150 negroes on the South lawn of the White House recently. The President replied, "The friendship of the Republican Party for the negroes has endured unchanged for 70 years." And, again southern Republicans bit their lips.

THE SALOON MUST NOT COME BACK (Continued from page 1)

utterly to describe my feelings. Many pictures of crime and degradation come before my mind which I wish I could forget.

What a foolish, senseless argument the Wets have hammered into the American mind regarding Prohibition being an incentive to crime! Every truly informed person knows that Prohibition has curbed vice of every kind. The American people seem to have forgotten what centers of crime, disease, gambling, prostitution and economic ruin the saloon was. I propose to refresh our memories at this point by relating a few instances which came under my own observation.

We thought nothing of hearing the crack of a pistol in the days of the old saloon. Fights, drunken brawls, murders and immorality in all of its basest forms was considered part of the profession.

Examples

I recall how on one occasion, when I was running a saloon in Wichita, that I heard the report of a pistol outside, and presently a friend of mine came staggering in, fell against the bar, crying, "O God, I'm shot." He fell to the floor and we called the ambulance. I personally know that this was not a bad young man; he had fine parents, but was under the power of something that was beyond his control. He had been shot in a drunken brawl.

Sometime later, two prominent Wichita business men, who bought their liquor at open saloons, were sitting across the table from one another; they had been drinking and were under the influence of alcohol, when suddenly, for no cause whatever, one said to the other, with an oath, "I'm going to kill you." There was a flash of fire, the crack of a gun, and a bullet was drilled through the body of my friend. The killer was cleared of the charge because the court held that no man was responsible for his acts while intoxicated. Do you want this influence thrown around your sons and daughters?

How well I remember, that on another occasion, I heard a woman screaming across the street from my "joint" and rushing upstairs I found a drunken husband holding his wife's head over the back of a chair while cutting her throat with a knife. I helped force him to release his grip upon her but it was too late; for he had killed her. Because of the demon of alcohol while he had been drinking, he slashed his own throat. He then put his fingers into the wounds and ripped his throat open. These are conditions that the American people have apparently forgotten.

I am now thinking of a fine young man called "Beeney" whose mother, a widow, raised him a Christian boy. He would some times come into our saloon with others and wait until they had their drinks; then he would go out but would never drink himself. But finally, one night, the gang began joking and "making fun of him." I can see that clean, tender, blushing face as he stepped up to the bar and took his first drink. Eight months later he was dead from the effects of alcohol. Not one of the old gang accompanied the little widow to the graveyard. They only said, "O well, Beeney hit it too hard," and took another drink.

There was another young man who frequently patronized my saloon whose mother was a widow. She loved her boy and knew that it was only the alcoholic drug that transformed him into a different creature. She would invariably have his evening meal ready for him, knowing the hour that he would be due to arrive home from work, and she had the habit of putting the food on the table and sitting by the window to watch for her son as he would turn the

corner and come walking down the sidewalk. One evening he had been drinking and she noticed that he was staggering. As he came into the door she arose, put her arms around his neck and said, "Jim, I have been sitting here watching you and I see from the way you walk you have been drinking again. My precious boy, I wish you wouldn't do that." Under the control of this awful narcotic, he flew into a fit of rage and shouted, "So you've been watching me, have you?" Thereupon he grabbed his mother, and holding her head firmly in his powerful grasp with his left hand, he reached to the table, picked up a fork and gouged her eyes out. "Well, you won't watch me any more," he said. The last I knew of that man he was serving a life sentence in the penitentiary. His mother died a few weeks later and the last thing she said was, "Jimmy was a good boy, it was only his drinking that made him bad. He said I would never see him again but Oh, I wish he was here so I could hear his voice." I submit to you, reader friend, that we cannot afford to have an institution of this kind brought back to tempt our boys and girls and young people. I fail to find words to express my contempt for politicians who have the audacity to advocate the sale of alcohol.

The saloons were supposed to observe Sunday closing laws in Kansas but we always left the back doors unlocked. I suppose that on hundreds of occasions I have seen little frail, sickly, under nourished children come to the back of my saloon on Sunday mornings and rap on the door and ask, "Is Papa in there?" Their fathers had not come home during the night. We would kick the helpless little children out with oaths. Then after while, a weak, little woman would shyly approach the back door, open it, look in, and ask, "Have you seen Bill? He didn't come home last night and we haven't had anything to eat. I am sick and the children are starving." The bartender would then drive her away with an oath. I knew where Bill was. He was one of my customers; on his way home Saturday night, with his pay check, he had stopped at my place and spent his money on drink, gambling and other vices. About midnight he would get so drunk and unruly that I would call the police and have him "thrown in." At that moment he was over in jail, sobering up, getting ready to go back to work Monday to make some more money to spend at my saloon the next Saturday night. He was one of my customers and I had to take good care of him.

The Poor Man's Enemy

And if the flood-gates of alcohol are opened by corrupt Democratic or Republican politicians I am prepared to say that the poor and laboring classes will be the first to suffer. Alcohol is the poor man's enemy. All it has ever done for him is to produce poverty, disease, wreck and ruin. The sale of liquor represents an utterly destructive, economic waste. The money goes out and only poison comes back.

Never before in the history of the Country were the saving accounts in the banks so large as they were when the depression hit in 1929. Every reader knows what that means. It means that the poor and middle classes of people had made money on Prohibition, had saved it and had a few hundred dollars on deposit in the bank. Their home was paid for, they owned an automobile, a few chickens and were enjoying many of the comforts of life. Prohibition has been proved to be a real true and tried friend to the poor. Think long and well before you allow this friend to be crucified on a cross of financial greed!

Upshaw

These words are written a few days before the election. Regardless of which party elects the national ticket the Country

will be cursed under the control of Wet political machines for the next four years. Both parties have gone off after alcohol leaving the better elements of society without political leadership as far as the two major parties are concerned.

Thousands of people have interested themselves in the Presidential candidacy of Congressman William D. Upshaw, who is perhaps feared and hated by the Wets more than any other living man. He has refused to compromise and was willing to sacrifice his position as a leader in the ranks of his party rather than to sell out his convictions. Thank heavens for this kind of Christian statesmanship! To those of us who know this man intimately, he is without peer in the realm of intellectual and Sober statesmanship. The Defenders Movement has been vitally concerned that the Upshaw leadership should attract wide attention with the objective in view of seeing this great statesman emerge as the outstanding Dry Voice of the nation, to tour the land during the coming four years, and make slashing attacks into the mass mind in defense of Sobriety, while the Wets are launching their most powerful offensive.

This is no time to lay down the guns, to retrench, or call a halt. We must stay in the heat of the battle and exert every influence at our disposal to preserve the gains made since this demonized liquor traffic has been outlawed. Let us pray, let us agitate, let us do everything in our power to protect our sons and daughters from the thing that was such an unspeakable curse to the past generation.

(Note: The above article has been printed in tract form to increase its scope of service. Circulate this tract in quantities. Prices: three copies, 5 cents; one dozen, 15 cents; one hundred, \$1.00.)

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Porto Rico Ravaged By Hurricane

By Gerald B. Winrod

"The gem of the Caribbean"—this is what beautiful Porto Rico is called. In my travels I have seen nothing comparable with the natural beauty of the Island. The beautiful mountains, the dashing streams, majestic palms, tropical fruits, orange groves, pineapple fields, winding highways, the Spanish customs, historic places and rich traditions—these, and many other features, combine to produce impressions upon the traveler which make it impossible to ever forget Porto Rico, once it has been visited, "the Switzerland of America." As Mrs. Winrod and I boarded the ship to come away, last December, at the close of a fruitful missionary tour, our hearts were tenderly warmed, and a deep feeling of love for the thousands of poor, downtrodden, benighted lower classes flooded our souls.

And, like multitudes of others in the continental United States, we were deeply grieved to learn last month of the lashing wind which swept the Island, leaving misery, suffering, disease and destruction in its path. "Fate dealt us a tremendous blow," said Porto Rico's Governor, James R. Beverley. Mr. Ishmael Ramos, who looks after the office work of *The Defenders* at the Spanish headquarters in Arecibo wrote as follows on October 5th, "Now I will give you some sad news. Porto Rico was visited last Monday by a hurricane, leaving specially the northern part of the Island in a terrible condition. Homes destroyed, death, famine, etc., now follow. The Red Cross is doing a little to help many needy people. Guayama didn't suffer much. Personally we didn't have any loss, although we had to leave our homes and stayed the whole night in the office. Here in Arecibo a concrete building fell down where 24 persons lost their lives and about 30 more were seriously injured. There is no electric light. No mail for a whole week. Roads in bad condition. No telephone or telegraph communications."

On the following day, October 6th, Mr. Ramos wrote:

"Four years ago, while I was in the States, the Island was visited by a strong hurricane, but people say that this one swept over the Island with more intensity than any other. Its radius was not so great, but it left desolation and ruin wherever it passed.

"Many believers have suffered considerable losses. We need the prayers, sympathy and urgent help of the *Defender* Family. Many are waiting upon us for help. About 300 persons lost their lives and nearly 2000 were injured."

Never was there a better opportunity to speed up evangelization in the West Indies. In times of stress and suffering, people call out instinctively for God. The Spanish *Defenders* brethren have been quick to seize upon the present opportunity and are pressing forward with greater zeal than ever in a soul-winning campaign under the leadership of Superintendent J. F. Rodriguez. The Movement has also worked to the limit of its resources in helping to relieve whatever physical suffering also. Mr. Rodriguez writes in his letter of October 12th, "We believe that never before in the history of the Islands was there a better opportunity for the Message the Lord has entrusted to *The Defenders*. We are in the pull, doing all kinds of service, carrying joyfully all burdens, accepting every task the Lord places before us . . . Wherever we take the *Defender* Gospel Bus people surround us and we are able to reach large numbers with the blessed Testimony."

"Are Ye Not Carnal?"

By Gerald B. Winrod

"For ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men?"—I Corinthians 3:3.

Paul had a way of striking straight to the heart of every subject he approached. There was no "beating around the bush." If a thing was wrong, he analyzed it at a glance and refused absolutely to compromise with it. He always took the position that it was better to set a high ideal and fall below it, than to put the ideal low and still come short.

When he observed gossiping, fault-finding, back biting and dissension among the Corinthian believers he refused to tolerate it because he knew what deadly havoc it would work if not corrected. He struck the thing squarely between the eyes and charged the church with carnality. "Are ye not carnal?" he asked.

There were "strife and divisions" in Paul's day and it is evident that down until the present time Christians have been making very little progress in this direction. When Mr. Bryan returned from his trip around the world, he told of a species of goat which he came upon in South America. These goats would cooperate in time of attack or storm. Rushing into a huddle they would put their heads together, their heels apart and kick "for all they were worth." It was Mr. Bryan's observation that Christians too often put their heels together and their heads apart.

In Paul's letter to the Romans we find him anxious about the same condition. He says, "Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be like-minded one toward another according to Christ Jesus: That ye may with one mind and one mouth glorify God." Harmony among believers is absolutely essential to successful Christian achievement. The Holy Spirit cannot work through discord. The tongue is an unruly member, and has been used to do incomparable injury to the Cause of Christ.

A man who is now in Christian work, but was originally in the theatrical profession prior to his conversion, told me recently of the standards of cooperation which he found existing among the people who stood behind the footlights. They each wanted to



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Companion Journal

A companion journal to this magazine is "El Defensor Hispano" (The Spanish Defender), edited by Gerald B. Winrod and circulated in Spanish from the Porto Rico headquarters. J. F. Rodriguez, of Arecibo, Porto Rico, is the Associate Editor of "El Defensor Hispano".

see the other succeed, knowing that if they did, it would develop the strength of their troupe. They were glad to help one another with their "lines," he said. No matter how much they quarrelled about other things, when it came to "putting the job over," they combined their forces. The Cause of Christ could make use of some of that spirit of cooperation to good advantage in the present crisis.

But instead, we find religious leaders quarrelling. Trivial differences are magnified. Floating rumors are passed on. Minor doctrinal opinions and theological hairsplitting occupy too much attention. And, there is not a little downright lying. All of which is deserving of Paul's rebuke, "Are ye not carnal?"

There is a morbid type of mind which is happiest when it can mull over some kind of gossip and conclude with the solemn phrase, "Ain't it terrible." They are happiest while making everybody around them miserable. To such a one, David says, "Thy tongue deviseth mischiefs." And Solomon, "A perverse tongue falleth into mischief." "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." Psalms 34:13. James sets this standard, "If any man among you seems to be religious, and brideth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." Again, James 3:5-8, "Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed and hath been tamed of mankind: But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

There are thousands of churches failing right now in America, going to pieces, because of the very kind of carnality which Paul condemns in his question, "Are ye not carnal?" How different this is from the state of those one hundred and twenty believers at Pentecost! We read that they "were all with one accord in one place." "ALL WITH ONE ACCORD!" This is the secret of the success of the occasion. Such harmony could not fail to become a channel through which the Holy Spirit would be able to manifest His Presence.

The Economic Waste of Sin

—Extracts from a Recent Address on Moral Reform—

By Rev. Cecil Leek, Kitchel, Indiana

THE subject for this hour is "The Economic Waste of Sin." Gibbon tells in his "History of Rome," that there were three great causes that tended toward the downfall of that empire. One was the liquor traffic, another social vice, and the other was the disintegration of the family and the home. We have those three sins in America, and unless the spiritual and moral forces of the nation have sufficient strength to overcome these weaknesses, our country has no more assurance of perpetuity than either Greece or Rome.

We tremble as we think of what portends in the present economic and moral relations. It is our profound conviction that the present tendencies toward moral, spiritual and financial bankruptcy that we face in our day are due, not so much to the fact that we are living in a day of science and investigation, but to the fact that we are failing to follow the teachings of Jesus Christ. The tap-root of our civilization goes deep into Bible morality.

We can only touch briefly on some of the degrading plagues which are threatening to overthrow our national and world civilization. No one interested in the welfare of America can look with indifference upon such spreading evils as gambling, stealing, banditry, murder and other criminal and vice mongers. Millions of dollars are exchanging hands in this irregular fashion, millions of souls are being warped and lost and business integrity becoming disintegrated as the mania becomes a frenzy to get something for nothing.

We are confronted with a generation that has been cursed by these things. Prison reformers tell us that vast numbers of thieves were marked before their birth by gambling fathers or mothers or both. Yet in view of all this our State General Assembly (of Indiana) in special session for tax relief tried to foster upon the public of Indiana legalized gambling. We blame youth for its wild career, and for the present insolvency of moral standards. Why not blame adults and corrupt politicians?

After the loosening of moral ties which always follows after a war, our churches must tune up the mental distinctions and moral ideals bearing on business integrity vs. gambling, the American habit of Sabbath observance vs. commercial Sunday ideals of pleasure seeking, the Puritan ideals of home life with a clean life for two vs. the French standard of morals, the old-fashioned principles of total abstinence for personal protection and the welfare of posterity vs. the German ideal of beer drinking and the anarchist's ideal of law breaking.

There is an economic waste in this country that is striking at the very foundation of our financial structure. The old saying "Justice forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne" has a peculiarly true meaning in these twentieth century years. Money spent on any form of vice is an economic waste.

Senator Brookhart of Iowa introduced a resolution in the Senate of the United States only recently demanding a most thorough investigation of the movies. He charged that the three morality codes promulgated by Will Hays, the czar of the movies, have already been forgotten and that the screen is now catering to harlot heroines, crime and prostitution. It is in this atmosphere that a majority of the children of our country are seeking amusement each week. Who can tell what the harvest

will be? In Germany there is a new style which threatens our own national life. So-called health seekers have established health gardens where hundreds of both sexes roam promiscuously nude, and only recently we were informed that Chicago is attempting such evil practices.

According to the New York Times the depression has brought back to certain sections of Japan the old practice of selling young daughters by parents. Recently several hundred girls have been sold to licensed brothels as well as to tea houses of ill repute. Dr. D. A. Woodworth, who has spent his life in Japan in church mission work has this to say about the situation, "It seems that nearly every class of men in Japan is crying for help from the government. A special session of parliament is called to give relief to the farmers, who, in some sections are selling their daughters to the brothels, a good-looking girl being worth from \$100.00 to \$150.00 about the price of a good horse." You can see a picture of what is not only facing Japan, but our own country unless there comes an immediate strengthening of moral foundations. It is a well known fact that the depression has increased commercialized sexual vice in every part of the world, particularly the United States.

There is danger in patting ourselves on the back and saying we have the finest generation of young people and adults that ever lived, when we are aflame with immorality, and talking free love, while trying to legislate companionate marriage and birth-control. The divorce rate in this day is only the thermometer of what has happened in this country in the past. In all probability we will have in the next General Assembly of Indiana a bill introduced to legalize companionate marriage, and no doubt there will be at least nine other states that will do likewise. This will be for the personal gratification of some of our law makers and high society people who realize their political and social life is in danger unless a change is made to cover their cursed evils. There are some who are saying "morality is a matter of relativity," but is it? No, morality is a matter of right and wrong! We need to re-emphasize that little word SIN.

At last gangland and the underworld came to its own when Col. Charles A. Lindbergh confessed his lack of faith in Government officials by appealing to the criminals to find and return his kidnapped son. It is a sad commentary on our law enforcement machinery, and the gangsters appeared to take full advantage of it by not acting too quickly to have the lesson sent fully home.

Regarding Prohibition, I agree with Henry Ford, who only recently said: "I cannot as a citizen consent that my government shall be partner in the business whose best customers are our worst citizens, nor can I consent as a citizen to share the money taken as taxes from business that makes merchandise of the souls of men." The effects of liquor have and will always be the same, whether it is purchased through license or bootlegged. It has, and knows, no moral standard. Here again we meet with an economic sin in governmental life. I have no confidence in any political scheme to produce money by taxing alcohol when I know that it will produce crime on such a scale that it will absorb six times over what is realized from the tax.

We don't want the saloon. The wets talk about protecting us from its return. Do you believe them? NO. They never did keep their promise and they will not now. They have always lied about their promises. There can be no protection from the saloon when once the government licenses the sales of alcohol. It will be a saloon wherever it is sold, be it post-office, grocery store or filling station. They blame prohibition for so many young people drinking. They are professional prevaricators. Prohibition never caused anybody to drink. If any one is to blame it is the bootleggers, the wet political liars and the governmental officials who placed the matter of enforcing Prohibition in the hands of its enemies.

We have moral problems, both in this land and in all lands, which wise men fear may wreck the world. These problems constitute an emergency call. Governments and institutions have fallen all about us. Humanity is upside down. Our only hope is through a moral and spiritual revival. There must come a stir in the national conscience or anyone can see where the present downgrade path will take us. We must apply the brakes. There are danger signals along the way. Heaven forbid that we should "step on the gas" and glide past them. Our only escape is through a crucified Saviour.

UNITED STATES ENGINEERS who have been hired to work in Moscow send their children to the State's famous "Little Red School." There United State's children are taught Red doctrines. Parents were startled one day last month when their youngsters came home chanting to the grand old tune of "London Bridge":

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Degeneration -- Not Evolution

By George McCready Price, Berrien Springs, Michigan

ADAM and Eve were the first social "climbers." They were the first of the human family who tried to "improve" their position in life. But instead of climbing up, they fell down. "Ye shall be as gods," said the Tempter—the first speech ever made in favor of evolution. But instead of evolving into gods, their sad blunder—

"Brought death into the world, and all our woe,

With loss of Eden."

It may be worth while to study some of the changed conditions which were initiated in his way by man's first disobedience.

God's sentence was that mankind must surely die; but a curse was likewise pronounced on all that realm over which man had been given dominion as king. Death we see all about us; but the race has now lived long enough to be able to see how the curse upon the earth and its inhabitants has been carried out; we can take an inventory of the net results. And in this check-up we find that the discoveries of modern science have helped us very materially; for we have in the rocks innumerable specimens of the life of the ancient world, the world that lived before the Flood, which was probably not greatly different from the world of animals and plants which Adam saw. And as we compare these buried specimens of life preserved from the time when the world was young, with the living forms of plants and animals now existing, we can see with our eyes that degeneration has dogged the trail of every living form. Just as the individual grows old and dies, so do races or species degenerate and oftentimes become extinct, leaving no descendants. And all this is in exact accord with what God had pronounced as the result of sin; but it is the exact reverse of that false promise of advancement which the tempter whispered into the ear of that first woman, the great primal mother of us all.

One of the losses of our old world is that marvelous spring-like climate which once mantled the entire earth, even the extreme arctic and antarctic regions having once enjoyed a mild and pleasant climate. There is abundant scientific proof of this, for fossil trees and other vegetation found near both poles testify that they grew in a climate mildly temperate, almost tropical. Animal remains also, like corals and large reptiles which cannot endure cold, occur in these extreme regions; and these could not have drifted any great distance but must have lived in these localities. In fact, a singularly mild and uniform climate formerly prevailed all over the globe. We cannot easily give the exact conditions which caused this wonderful climate; but we do know that it came to a sudden and fatal end; for the bodies of large animals, such as elephants and rhinoceroses, were caught and preserved ever since in such perfect cold storage that when they are now exposed in Siberia and elsewhere in the Arctic, the dogs and bears and wolves are greedy to eat the meat. This sudden and radical change of the earth's climate obviously occurred at the time of the Flood, it having been only one of the many great world-changes which then took place.

But essentially all of the fossils, no matter what kind or what their position in the scale of life, whether invertebrates, reptiles, amphibians, or mammals, all alike are almost invariably larger and more

thrifty looking than their nearest modern representatives.

This marked degeneration among the animals is doubtless to be associated with the radical change of climate. For the maximum physical development of the individual and the greatest abundance of the species always occur in the best environment. Animals always thrive best where the climate and food are most favorable. In the antediluvian world this most favorable climate was universal and continuous. Accordingly, the characteristic of large size and splendid development is characteristic of all the fossils in all parts of the world; and when we cross over into our modern era this change in the fossils is just as sudden and as complete as is the change of climate. Our modern plants and animals are degenerate dwarfs, as compared with those which lived in the morning of time, when the world was young.

We might run through the entire list of the kinds of animals found in the fossil form; but many of them lived only in the deep oceans, and even their modern representatives are so seldom seen in any museums or aquarium that most people know nothing of their existence. What do even intelligent men and women know about the modern crinoids, or brachiopods, or pteropods? Yet their fossils are among the most important among the fossils, being found in the rocks of all parts of the world; but because their modern kinds live chiefly in the deep waters of the ocean or in the open surface waters, none but scientific experts are familiar with them. The same is true of many other kinds of life that occur both in the fossil form and among the living.

It is sufficient for our present purpose to say that the fossils of all these kinds are always larger than the modern forms. Fossil shells many times as large as any now alive are constantly found in all parts of the world. Ancient crustaceans (related to the crabs and lobsters) were sometimes six or more feet long.

The antediluvian horsetails, ferns, and ground pines were sometimes thirty to eighty feet high, and their carbonized stems and leaves help to make up many of our best beds of coal. Gigantic insects occur among these and other forms of buried vegetation, locusts with a spread of wing of over seven inches, and dragon flies from a foot to sixteen inches long and with a wing expanse of over two feet. Frogs six feet long, sometimes even larger, are often found.

The monstrous reptiles known as dinosaurs are so familiar that we need not do much more than mention them. They were

the largest creatures that ever walked on dry land. Some of them were 70 or 80 feet long, and weighed as much as ten elephants; for a good sized elephant will weigh three or four tons, while one of these gigantic dinosaurs must have weighed 35 or 40 tons. There was a great profusion of kinds among these ancient reptiles. Some of them could fly in the air, though of course not the very largest kinds, but some that had a wing-spread of twenty feet or more, somewhat like a gigantic bat. Others of them swam in the sea, like sea-turtles, some of the ancient kinds having been nearly a hundred feet long. Some very large ones had hind legs very much larger than their front ones, these hind legs with a very stout tail enabling the animal to stand up like a kangaroo, when it would reach a height of probably thirty feet or more.

When we speak of these ancient reptiles, we must not have in mind anything like a snake. For snakes are only one kind of reptiles; others are the crocodiles and alligators, also the turtles and tortoises, and the lizards. Real snakes are very rare as fossils, being almost unknown. Probably this fact is of significance in the fulfillment of the curse pronounced upon the creature called the "serpent" in the account of the temptation and fall of man. This animal, which the devil used as a medium or mouth-piece, was probably similar to the flying reptiles which we find as fossils, called *pterodactyls*. These were shaped somewhat like a bat (though the bat is a mammal, and in no way resembles the reptiles in its structure or its nature), having large wings, and a large brain, indicating that they were much more intelligent than are any of the modern reptiles. These ancient flying reptiles may have been very beautiful creatures; if so, their sharp intelligence and handsome appearance might render one of their number, as it sat among the branches of the tree in the Garden of Eden, a very alluring and attractive looking creature. And when Eve heard this thing talking to her and explaining the supposed virtues of the fruit of the tree that had been forbidden, perhaps even plucking some of this fruit and eating it himself, it was a very natural result that Eve's curiosity was attracted and she began to parley and debate with the tempter. But instead of becoming like one of the gods, she fell from her high position, and in her fall dragged down with her her husband and the entire world of plants and animals over which the holy pair had at first been placed as rulers and guides. In our modern world no reptile now has the power of flying through the air; all modern reptiles grovel on the ground, while a large group of them (the snakes) even have no legs, and must writhe along by crawling, as was predicted of them.

Among the larger land animals of our modern world, the elephants are conspicuous. They occur as fossils throughout Asia, Europe, and North America. Many among the fossil elephants were fourteen feet high at the shoulders, which is over three feet

(Turn to page 7)

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DEGENERATION—NOT EVOLUTION

(Continued from page 6)

higher than "Jumbo," the largest known in captivity, which was a little over eleven feet. The ancient hippopotamus was larger than any modern specimen, as is also true of the fossil rhinoceros, the fossil bear, the fossil lion, and indeed the fossil forms of all the many familiar mammals, which are what we usually mean when we speak of the land animals.

This universal evidence of degeneration has been admitted by others. The following is from Sir William Dawson, head of McGill University, Montreal, who was himself a trained geologist:

"Nothing is more evident in the history of fossil animals and plants of past geological ages than that persistence or degeneracy is the rule rather than the exception. . . . We may almost say that all things left to themselves tend to degenerate, and only a new breathing of the Almighty Spirit can start them again on the path of advancement." ("Modern Ideas of Evolution," Appendix.)

Another quotation from Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-inventor with Darwin of the theory of natural selection, will help to show the contrast between the present and the past, so far as animal life is concerned:

"It is clear, therefore, that we are now in an altogether exceptional period of the earth's history. We live in a zoologically impoverished world, from which all the hugest, the fiercest, and the strangest forms have recently disappeared; and it is, no doubt, a much better world for us now that they are gone. Yet it is surely a marvelous fact, and one that has hardly been sufficiently dwelt upon, this sudden dying out of so many large Mammalia, not in one place only but over half the land surface of the globe. We cannot but believe that there must have been some physical cause for this great change." ("Geographical Distribution of Animals," pp. 149-151.)

While we may not all agree that this present world is a better world than the one before the Flood, there are undoubtedly some advantages in having the more savage and monstrous of these antediluvian animals preserved only as fossils. We might not sleep so well o' nights if we knew that some of these big carnivorous dinosaurs were in our vicinity.

And we may conclude that the Good Lord has wisely preserved the fossil relics of the world before the Flood, to convince our modern people that this Flood was a very real event, that it actually did destroy the world that then was, and to convince us that some day that same almighty Word will make even a more complete destruction of all the works of sin by means of the fires of the last days, as foretold by the Apostle Peter.

Certain is it that the evolution theory of a gradual development upwards of the various types of life is just about as contrary to the truth as it could well be. Rather must we say that degeneration has marked the history of every living thing. And this marked degeneration among the kinds of life (man included) is just what was pronounced in the Garden of Eden as the result of Man's first disobedience. But thank God, we have the promise that for those who believe there will be a new heaven and a new earth, from which all traces of the curse will have completely and everlastingly disappeared.

Thinking Things Through

By Rev. W. A. Ayres
Baptist Minister
Wichita, Kansas

XVII Inventions

Think how many of these there are in the world, and how marvelous some of them are. When man was first created he had only his bare hands. We wonder what was the first thing he made. Was it an altar, or a rude knife or ax, or something to produce fire, or a house of some kind, or some weapon of defense? All these were made or invented in time, and thousands of others since, steam engine, electrical machines, phonograph, radio, printing presses, watches, etc. I may write about some of these sometime. And all of man's inventions show his work on them. We never think that any one of them just happened.

If I should see a house or pick up a watch on an island in the middle of the ocean and no human beings living there, I would not believe that the house or watch just happened there; I would know (there would be no guess about it), that some man had been there. I would be certain of this fact and satisfied. Man's work doesn't happen; it all shows his workmanship, and we know there is a man and his mind back of it.

When we see a work of man's so nearly resembling a work of nature as to be unable to distinguish between them, for example, a wreath of natural and another of artificial flowers, is it reasonable to believe that one is a work of art, the result of a skillful designer and a careful workman, and the other—happened by chance? We may profess to believe it, but is it rational or reasonable to really do so? When Robinson Crusoe saw a footprint in the sand, he knew a human being had been there.

In the works of man do we not have a million proofs of a Creator? Does not every work of man prove the man? And just so, why does not every work of nature prove a Creator? I don't have to see the man; I don't have to see the Creator; His work is the proof of His being. If you should see a croquet ball, foot ball, baseball or basket ball flying from one point to another in its field what would you think? One young man confessed it would look pretty uncanny! You would be almost scared. People would come from everywhere to see such a wonder. You would be compelled to believe than an unseen hand was guiding the ball. No prestidigitator could perform such a trick. But are not the millions of heavenly bodies in their precise orbits and motions a thousand times more wonderful than the play balls I mentioned would be? Can we not see plainly the creating and guiding hand of a Creator, if we will think even a little? To deny a Creator is to deny our own intelligence.



DONT LET HIM KILL THE GOOSE,
THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS!



THE RUSSIAN AND SPANISH OUTLOOK



Edited by Oswald J. Smith
Pastor of the Toronto Gospel Tabernacle
and Director of Russian and Spanish Missions
Office: 22 Kendal Ave., Toronto, Canada.

BATAVIA TO MAKASSAR

By Oswald J. Smith

(Editor's Note: Occupy your comfortable chair again this month and continue your missionary journey around the world with Mr. Smith. To say nothing of the educational value of the articles appearing in Mr. Smith's Department this month, they are tremendously rich in spiritual inspiration.)

WE ARE living in a mighty big world. Even though it is one of the smaller planets. If you don't believe it, just do what we are doing—take a trip around it. I used to think that the crossing of the Atlantic Ocean constituted a real trip. But now, almost each lap of the journey is an Atlantic voyage. For instance, we arrive at Bombay. We are going to Singapore. It is but one small lap of our tour, the next port of call perhaps. But from Bombay to Singapore takes six days on a fast steamer, and six days means a trip from America to Europe. And so we travel on week after week. For over two months we have been on our way around the world and we still have our six weeks to go, for we have yet to reach Hong Kong which is eight days away, and then to cross the great Pacific and after that Canada. Never had I realized how big this world of ours is until I started to go around it. And we are sailing East, and the farther East we go the nearer we come to our starting point.

Well, we landed at Batavia and saw hundreds upon hundreds of women bathing and washing clothes in the canal. Batavia is quite a modern Dutch city. We bought a third class ticket, took our places in a third class car on the train with the natives and traveled for over 500 miles through Java, a truly beautiful country, to Soerabaja, another up-to-date city. Java has a population of 142,000,000. It is the most densely populated piece of land in the world. The country is a veritable garden. Rice fields everywhere, with rice in all stages. Wonderful irrigation. Magnificent mountain scenery. Thatched-roofed cottages. Mohammedanism predominates. Java has many Christian workers. We visited the heads of religious work and discussed many phases of Missions. But of that more in my full report. The third class was a tiring trip, but we certainly saw the country, the most beautiful we have visited. Java abounds in streams of water. Coco palms were everywhere loaded with coconuts. Tropical fruits were plentiful, and the vegetation was rich and luxurious.

From Soerabaja we took a small steamer, second class, to the little island of Bali. But here words fail me. Nowhere have we seen an island so beautiful. The scenery beggars description. We drove by auto through the island from one side to the other. Our car took us up above the clouds in the mountains. From a hot tropical climate we were soon in a cold atmosphere that made us shiver and draw our coats closer around us. Yet in a couple of hours

we were in hot, tropical sunshine again. We passed by a lovely lake and close to a smoking volcano. Never have I seen such rice fields. Some were buried under water; others were dry. Some just starting; others ready to cut. Millions of coconut palms. Coffee trees. Fruit trees. Rich and luxurious vegetation. Monkeys scampered across the road in front of our car and hung in the branches of the trees by the roadside. Java sparrows flew from the ground. Every field is irrigated by a most wonderful system of irrigation. Rivers and brooks flowed swiftly on all sides. Perfect auto roads everywhere. Bali is indeed an earthly paradise, a Garden of Eden.

Women wear nothing about the waist. Boys and girls go completely naked. The tourists visit Bali all the year round, the men, we were told, to see the women and the women to see the temples. We saw many women bathing by the roadside, as well as men, completely nude. To us at least, the open exposure of the women of Bali was most revolting. Yet they think nothing of it; it has been the custom always. They do not feel the need of clothes. Such is heathenism. God has certainly let us see it, for apart from India, we have seen none so degraded, so filthy, so low. Bali is the last stronghold of Hinduism in these islands. The population numbers over a million. There are no church spires, no church bells. Never has a great gospel service been held. We attended the native

dance, fiendish and suggestive. We went to a big cremation upon which \$2,400 has been spent, and saw the heathenish practices of Hinduism. Temples abound everywhere; ugly statues of guards at the doors. Both men and women chew the filthy betelnut, and their mouths are ghastly.

But, thank God, six months ago the first converts were won in Bali and 105 were baptized by Rev. R. A. Jaffray. Of these, owing to the severe prosecution, 35 have gone back to heathenism, but not all in heart. Some 70 have stood true. We visited four villages in the interior and preached to the Balinese. Oh, how glad they were to see us! Let us pray for them. The persecution is terrible. When we arrived they broke open coconuts and filled glasses, washed by their filthy fingers, with the water for us to drink. We found it most refreshing.

The government allows no missionary work in Bali. But Mr. Brill, who lives in Lombok, has now applied and we believe that God will work a miracle and get us in. What a joy it would be to even evangelize Bali! It is now Satan's stronghold. Shall we not win it for our Christ? Pray for Bali. Never have we seen such heathenism. Bali needs Christ. But of this more later.

After touring Bali in another direction, having spent five wonderful days on the island, we took a freight steamer, second class, to Lombok. It was loaded with hogs, and the smell—well 'nough said. Also cattle. One animal was butchered on deck right before the passengers, both men and women. It was a ghastly scene. Arriving at the island of Lombok, we visited Mr. and Mrs. Brill in their home. They have two children, a boy and a girl. What a joy it was to see them, in the midst of heathen darkness, holding the fort in their lonely outpost. Thank God for such heroes! Our hearts went out to them. What a brave little woman is Mrs. Brill! Alone she lives among the heathen. God bless and reward her. Alone, for her husband is often absent. She gave us the only piece of pie we have had since we left home. It was a wonderful treat. We got a real American dinner. Mr. Brill had met us in Sumatra and stayed with us right through to Lombok. He was a great help. God bless the Brills. Let us pray for them. They want to enter Bali. God grant they may.

Returning to our freight ship, and the pigs, we headed into the night for another Lombok port and thence to Makassar on Celebes and arrived Wednesday morning, August 10th. We are now well through with our survey of the Dutch East India Islands and it has been most thorough. We have seen much, more than we expected, and we will have lots to report. We have taken hundreds of pictures, so that we will be able to present the work with slides. Our special report will be most complete. Watch for it.

Our hearts and thoughts turn home. Home, sweet home! Oh, how precious! (Turn to page 9)

SALVATION BOOKLETS

By OSWALD J. SMITH

FOR years Mr. Smith has specialized on Salvation Messages, and no one has written more clearly. Many scores have been converted through his gripping appeals, and anyone can understand them. In story, dialogue and sermon form he has graphically set forth the Gospel and made plain God's plan of Salvation. Churches and religions, whether Catholic or Protestant, he has shown to be inadequate. Priests cannot forgive sins. Works, he declares, are unavailing. Christ, and Christ alone, can save.

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BATAVIA TO MAKASSAR (Continued from page 8)

There is nothing, absolutely nothing, apart from God's work, big enough to entice me from home to these foreign, tropical countries. Money could not do it. There are no attractions, no comforts, no friends and no beauties to be compared with those of our own beloved country. That, every traveler from America knows. God grant we may be brought safely back to tell of what we have seen. And may something be born of this tour that will glorify Him, is my daily prayer.

Makassar to Singapore

By Oswald J. Smith

"Backward, turn backward!" That's what I'm singing now. For last week I met my Gethsemane. Or, at least, it seemed so to me. And, as someone remarked, "I nearly lost my eradication," whatever that may mean.

Be that as it may, it was a fearful disappointment. But since, "our disappointments are His appointments," I "thanked God and took courage."

You see, our work was finished, our survey completed. We had accomplished all and more than we expected, and were ready to go home. Already we were counting the days. September the twenty-fifth, Sunday, 7 a. m., was the time set for our arrival in Toronto. We were eagerly looking forward to the fall work, starting on the first day of October. Important meetings had been planned. The best months of the year were just before us. We had been gone since May and our hearts were yearning and longing for a sight of the dear home faces again. In a few days the boat would come that would take us from Makassar to Hongkong and thence home.

Then, like a bolt out of the blue, came a cable from Rev. R. V. Bingham, stating that they were calling for us to return to Abyssinia, that the expense was justified, the Tabernacle was prospering, and our needs would be met. We gasped for breath. To even think of turning back was impossible. Why, had we not many a time thanked God and congratulated ourselves because we would not have to travel the same weary route again? Often had we spoken of Gibraltar, Marseilles, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo and Singapore, and rejoiced that we were leaving them so far behind. How we shuddered when we thought of the stifling heat of the Red Sea! How glad we were to be sailing East instead of West! Soon we would be on the Pacific Ocean, having traveled completely around the world. No, we could not think of turning back. It was too far. It would take too long and cost too much. Moreover, we could not possibly reach home much before Christmas if we were to retrace our steps now, and that would mean over six months away instead of less than four. Thus, rebellion was our first reaction to the unwelcome cable.

But as the hours passed, and we prayed much, God commenced to speak to us. We weighed everything carefully. It would mean separation, for Mr. Willis had to get back. And to go back alone—well, it seemed too much. But then the Call had come from God through Dr. Bingham, and he was caring for the Tabernacle during our absence! Moreover, he was ready to meet our needs financially in order that we might visit his field. Then, too, Abyssinia was so far away that we would probably never make a special trip later. Finally, we faced the sacrifice demanded and bowed to the will of God. But, oh, how hard it was!

What a fight we had! It would take more than twenty days to get back and reach the Capital. Then two weeks on mule-back getting in, and another two weeks getting out. At least two more weeks visiting the work. And then another twenty days traveling fast to get home. Some time in December at the earliest. Whereas in Makassar we were already well around the world, and in exactly one month from the time we left we would be in Canada. No wonder our hearts ached. But no sooner had we made the decision than God gave the needed grace. Our hearts were filled with peace and rest.

So here I am, traveling second class, on a Dutch freight boat, bound for Singapore, where I will arrive, DV, on August 22nd. Mr. Willis I left at Makassar to catch the boat we would both have taken for Vancouver. He should arrive home the last week of September. It was not easy to part. Together we had shared the joys and sorrows of travel thus far. How much he has meant to me only God knows. When I was sick he nursed me like a mother. How I am going to get on without him I don't know. We parted at the dock. The student body, as well as the missionaries came down to see me off. And as my boat pulled out, we waved our handkerchiefs to one another until, at last, the gap widened, our vision grew blurred, and we were parted. God bless Mr. Willis, for he oft refreshed me!

During my last night at Makassar a baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Mouw. Mrs. Mouw had attended the service at which I preached in the morning, and that night her baby came, a lovely seven and a half pound boy. I saw her, prayed with her and said goodbye a few hours later.

Never will we forget Makassar. I preached seven times, and each night the Tabernacle was well filled, while scores stood at the back. Rev. Pow was my interpreter into Malay, and a splendid interpreter I found him. On the third night there was a break. Never before had the people knelt. Never before had they come to an altar. But on that night moved by the Spirit of God, they came. From all sides they poured up the aisles and knelt at the front. Oh, I wish you could have heard them. Before I could speak they began to pray. Many wept aloud, confessing their sins. All prayed together. Talk about music—there is nothing like it. There they were, scores upon scores of them, crying aloud to God, on every side traveling in prayer. It was indeed a heaven-sent Pentecost. Souls were born into the kingdom that night, and every heart was filled with joy. The prayers of the faithful missionaries had been suddenly and wonderfully answered.

On the closing night every seat was taken and nearly a hundred had to stand. There was a leper in the audience. Again God worked. At least a hundred and fifty came to the altar and cried to God. Wonderful were the testimonies! At the close they thronged me to shake hands. The students, broken and humbled, with tears in their eyes, besought me to pray for them in a special room. One woman came and told me her story of sin as she wept before God. Again and again they praised the Lord, singing with hand upraised. Never will I forget them. What a God we have! How glad He is to work! This, I felt, was a seal on my decision to return to Africa.

Brother Presswood I could not see. He is far away in Borneo. Brother Jaffray is in America. However, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Mouw, Miss Kemp, Miss Griebenow, and Brother Clench. They welcomed us most heartily. School was closed in honor of our arrival. We stayed at the Missionary Home, and had many hours of blessed fellowship. Brother Clench has not changed.

He is the same humble, devoted, Spirit-filled man of God that he was when we knew him in Toronto.

On Saturday, we toured many villages, distributing gospel tracts, and it was a joy to see the people run for them.

God has given Mr. Jaffray a great work in Makassar. The Tabernacle is a real evangelistic center. Let us pray much for the progress of the Gospel throughout the island. There are still millions in Celebes who have never heard of Christ.

Soon I will be back in Singapore again after a very weary voyage. I will have been six days at sea, longer than it takes to cross the Atlantic from America to Europe. Two things have been very trying. One, the fact that I have been, for the most part, the only second-class passenger and have had no one to talk to for six days. The crew is made up of Dutch and Malay, so I am hearing foreign languages all the time. Hence, I am thinking, thinking, thinking; I think till my head aches and my brain reels. Solitary confinement must be the most horrible punishment imaginable. Of course I have wonderful seasons of prayer as I walk the deck alone with God. We have a cargo of cattle and parrots. Parrots of all kinds and sizes, some of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Wish I could get them home. But parrots and cattle do not suffice for human companionship. No man should ever travel alone.

The other is the absence of mail. I have not had a letter from home since June 15th. Somewhere they must be following me but it may be weeks yet before I get them. It is now August 22nd, more than two months since I have heard from Toronto. Oh, how I long to know what is happening!

(Turn to page 10)

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THE CRY OF BALI

Deep in the gloom of sin's eternal night
Lost Balinese are waiting for the light;
Ne'er have they heard of Christ the Crucified—
Then who, who will point them to His bleeding side?

Chorus:
We're going! We're going
The Gospel to proclaim;
The Balinese have never heard
Our Saviour's Name.

Bali the isle of Satan's sovereign sway,
Where heathen souls in vain await the day;
Who, who will give the love of God to show?
Oh, who will help to save them from their shame and woe?

Temples and priests, by spirits sore oppress'd,
Idols of stone, they know not peace nor rest;
God speed the day when Bali shall be free,
When they with us shall praise the Christ of Calvary!

Tune: "Old Black Joe." —Oswald J. Smith.

MAKASSAR TO SINGAPORE

(Continued from page 9)

ing! But I am doomed to uncertainty for a while yet at least. Well, God understands, and all is well. I know I am being held up in prayer so I must not complain. He is my portion and my everlasting joy. Every day I pray for the choir and for Brother Lehman, the elders and ushers, the Sunday School and the young people, the prayer meetings and Sunday services, Dr. Bingham and the other speakers, our work abroad and in Northern Ontario, besides the various adherents of the congregation. May God bless them one and all.

My next report will be mailed from Addis Ababa, after I have seen Dr. Hooper. Watch for it. Hallelujah!

Dr. HOOPER'S LOVE

By Miss Alice Porter
Toronto, Canada

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

That is about what Dr. E. Ralph Hooper, the beloved physician of Abyssinia did. What a sacrifice! And then—what a disappointment!

But we will quote from the Doctor's own letter to Rev. Oswald J. Smith, and leave it there:

"On the night of July 2nd, I received by special carrier a letter from Dr. Lambie telling me of your visit and urging me to come to Addis as Dr. Bingham had strongly advised it if possible.

"I prayed over the matter and the indications seemed to be very clear for my going. I made hasty preparations and on Tuesday, July 5th, I sent off my caravan with nine men and twenty mules. I was to follow on Wednesday. On Monday, July 18th, I arrived in Addis, brown as a native and as hard as nails. I came through swollen rivers, climbed mountains of mud, mushed through miles of mire, braved the torrents of rain and beat my time of schedule by one full day.

"The first thing that I did as I rode into the Mission headquarters, plastered with mud but as fresh as a daisy, after being awake from 2:15 a. m. and up at four and off at five and riding through unbelievable roads, was to learn that there was no word from you, but that you were surely expected on Tuesday by the 4:30 train.

"What a feast of good things, of grand fellowships I was looking forward to! Hour after hour, by day and by night, I thought and dreamed of our meeting, of seeing you and Mr. Willis. I could hear your voices, see your smiles, recall your laughter, and the delights of your inspirational meetings, and think of the plans that we would draw up under the guidance of the Holy Spirit for Ethiopia.

"Well, we all went to the train, and as it pulled in I ran down the platform to be the first to greet you. But, alas, I looked in vain. It took quite a time for it to soak into my dull brain that you were not on the train. I was dazed, stunned, bewildered. I saw my hopes dashed to the ground. It took me some time to get my bearings and realize that all my five or six weeks of trekking to see you and join with you in your meetings was not to be at this time. I was really sick at heart. It was not long before I got the victory that the dear Lord was so kind to give. I am now in this large house alone, with no Mr. Willis, and no Mr. Smith to talk to and fellowship with.

"My trip up was a marvel of the Lord's grace. Think of it—slushing and sliding and slithering through mud mile upon mile

up slippery paths, through rocks and among boulders, through swamp, and mud and muck, exposed to torrents of rain, and not one fall. A thousand slips but not one to throw me down. The mule slid down hills that were too slippery for her to hold her footing, threaded her way through rocks and boulders on dizzy heights and not a stumble. What wonderful care the Lord has taken of me! I am not worthy of such attention, but it is according to His grace. Praise His holy and wonderful name!

"I did not know till the blow of disappointment was felt how much I was counting on that meeting. I fear, too, that I was responsible in a large measure for discouraging your coming. The truth was, I did not see how I could get to Addis, and I wanted you to come when you could travel. However, the Lord doeth all things well. I must love Him more. My work for Him has been too superficial and too half-hearted. I need more of His heart and love."

When Mr. Smith and Mr. Willis received the above letter, they felt that there was but one explanation, viz: "All things work together for good to them that love God." For understand it they could not. Why had God allowed Dr. Hooper to take that long and terrible journey over mountains, through swollen rivers, in the rainy season, too, with nine carriers and twenty mules, when he was to be so bitterly disappointed? Who can answer? Some day we'll understand. God never makes a mistake. There must be an explanation.

Perhaps, after all, it was worth while, if for nothing else, to show to all the love that exists between God's servants. Had the Doctor been going to meet his expected bride as a young man, he could not have manifested greater devotion nor undergone more sacrifice. Think of him, out there alone, wife and sons in Toronto, daughter in India, anticipating for days the meeting with his co-workers and prayer helpers of other days, in a single moment disappointed, crushed, stunned! What love!

Well, the Doctor will not be disappointed next time. For Mr. Smith has gone all the way back from Makassar, a trip of almost a month, in order to visit Abyssinia during the dry season. And at this moment, September 7th, he is landing on the shores of Africa, where he will take the train and arrive, DV, three days later in the Capital.

Will Dr. Hooper, we wonder, be there a second time to meet him, or will he have to take twenty mules and nine carriers, and plunge into the wilds of the Dark Continent to see his friend? Time will tell. Let us watch for his next Report.

ROBERT JAFFRAY and
OSWALD J. SMITH

Just on the eve of Mr. Smith's departure for the Far East, the following most illuminating letter was received from Rev. Robert Jaffray, the veteran pioneer missionary of the Dutch East Indies:

"If you and your good people can be His witnesses to the wild men of Sumatra, I am sure that in an increasing measure the blessing of the Lord will rest upon you and your work for Him, for you will be hastening the Coming of the Lord in a way that 'ordinary' missionary work cannot be said to be doing. There are 'wild men' in Sumatra as well as in Borneo, and just as wild, too. There are tribes of people who have never been touched at all by the missionary of the Gospel. It is these tribes that I want to find out about, and see if

we cannot take the first message of the Way of Salvation to them.

"According to the latest Missionary Map of Sumatra, published by one of the Dutch Missionary Societies in Holland, more than four-fifths of the area of the Island is still totally unreached by the Gospel Message. Please pray about this work, and if the Lord leads you to take it up, you may surely count on me to help you in the early stages of the work for all I am worth.

"It is a sad fact that the Mission Boards have been pouring their money into the old fields like India and China and certain parts of the world where the Witness of Christ has been given for many years—and I know people at home who feel that it is like pouring their money into holes. The work does not get to a self-supporting basis, and while the work is growing and spreading, yet it is not a matter of reaching new tribes or languages with the Gospel message.

"My thought in a word is this. Where the Gospel is translated into a language like, for example, the Chinese, it may be said truly, that any soul in that area who wants earnestly to know the way to be saved may soon find out by a Gospel portion or a Gospel tract or the witness of some Christian, the Way to be Saved. BUT, there are language areas in many parts of the world where there are many people into whose language as yet not the first word of the Gospel has been translated, and among whom there are positively no Christians. I feel that it is to these we must go first and tell the Way of Salvation. He wants to take out of all the nations a people for His name (Acts 15:14).

"Such a people were the Balinese till we went to them last year. Now, thank God, there are scores of true blood-washed Christians in Bali. And thank the Lord, too, the fire seems to have caught there, and no man or Government can put the fire out. The Gospel Story is spreading from village to village, and all over the south of Bali. We are sending, I hope, another Chinese missionary to the north of Bali very soon, and we trust that the fire will catch there also. There are 30 or more now awaiting baptism in Bali.

"Such were the Dyaks of the East Coast of Borneo till we went to them a few years ago, when we first came down here. Now, thank God, there are 300 Dyaks who have definitely put their trust in the Lord Jesus and are wonderfully saved.

"Such are the Boegis people of this part of the Island of the Celebes, and there are 3,000,000 of them here, and not one of them is a Christian as far as we can learn. Satan will not be able to boast long that there are no saved Boegis people, I believe. I remember your allegory about Satan and his demons and Cambodia, before we got in there with the Gospel. Here it is again—the same truth applies in many parts of the Dutch East Indies, notably in Sumatra.

"In addition to the above-mentioned places where as yet no Gospel witness has been given and no souls have yet been won to Christ, there are many, many other islands of the Dutch East Indies where no missionary work has yet been attempted. I am anxious to press out through our Bible School students into many regions in this part of the field, and also to get started in the Sumatra and West Borneo district. Then, there is still one more big field before us, that of New Guinea, and the extreme east of the Dutch East Indies. On my return from furlough, if the Lord will, I expect to make an extended tour of this eastern portion of the Dutch East Indies with the same thought in view of searching out unreached islands, unreached peoples and languages where no witness of the Saviour has been given. I feel almost impatient to get away home, and to return to this great task."

A Grain of Sand and Its Cousin

By Rev. R. I. Humbert
Lecturer and Bible Teacher, Martinsburg, Pennsylvania

FOUR hundred and sixteen million years ago yesterday, a tiny grain of sand was washed ashore on the banks of the Pacific Ocean. This little grain of sand was just like all other grains of sand and if it had not been for its marvelous future we would never have learned of its existence.

It lay quietly basking in the sunshine for some twenty-one thousand years, when a most wonderful thing took place. Suddenly, without a moment's warning as to its purpose, it exploded and lo, there were two grains of sand. Eighteen thousand years rolled by and these two grains blew up and there were four grains of sand. This process was repeated at various intervals of time until some forty-two million years had passed, at which time there were enough little bits of sand to make a good-sized brick.

So far the process had been much the same, but now a new thing took place. The sun was shining brightly; a gentle breeze was blowing over land and sea; the waves were rolling lazily up against the rocks and returning in ripples to their place in the great deep. Suddenly all of our sands exploded in a most unbelievable manner. When one of them blew up, there were two wee bits of rubber; another popped open and there were two tiny bits of glass; others turned into steel, fabric and paint. If these little particles of substances would only explode after their own kind, it would merely be a question of time until great things could be accomplished. This indeed was the very thing that happened and now there are tons of rubber, glass and steel to make our story possible.

At some remote age, a terrible storm vented its fury upon our little group of particles. The sun was hidden for two full days; the wind had never blown so hard. Our little particles did all they could to hide behind a great rock, but a sudden burst of wind was too much for their tiny strength and away they went, clinging desperately to each other. After a furious ride and many perilous experiences, the wind suddenly ceased and lo, they found themselves on the ground now occupied by Detroit, Michigan.

After a few years of quietude they got over their fright and settled down in their new home and went to work. The grains of sand exploded and made more grains of sand; the bits of rubber blew up and made more bits of rubber; the wee particles of steel popped open and formed other particles of steel, in fact every little particle produced more of its kind, until today a marvelous factory stands at that location.

There are great buildings and thousands of men; there are wheels and pulleys; drills and punches; cutters and clippers; large belts and small belts; there are noisy big hammers and purring little motors; seething hot furnaces and great throbbing engines. There is smoke and smell; dust and shavings; there is noise and sweat; gas and fumes; oil and grease; power and push.

At one end of this throbbing industry are trainloads of coal; carloads of steel; shiploads of lumber and truck loads of rubber. At the other end are Ford automobiles, fully equipped and leaving under their own power.

Of course, some may doubt this story and inform us that this factory is the result of great intelligence but those who are more

scientifically inclined know full well that it is the product of the evolution of that single grain of sand. But as marvelous as has been the history of that bit of sand, it is not so wonderful as the history of its little cousin who was washed ashore just three days later.

This little cousin also basked in the sunshine for many ages when suddenly an unbelievable thing took place. With no outside help and with no warning whatever, it suddenly exploded and lo, there were two tiny bits of jelly. A few centuries later these two bits of jelly blew up and there was more jelly. The same process was repeated until there was quite a bit of jelly.

The wonder of the ages then took place. No one has ever been able to explain it, but everyone knows that it happened because the scientists say so. When these little particles of protoplasm exploded they were no longer jelly, but were real living cells of flesh. Ages passed and some of these cells got tired of making cells just like all the other cells, so one made liver cells; another made brain cells, while others specialized in bone cells, muscle, and all of the other kinds of cells in the human body.

Four hundred millions of years have passed since these two grains of sand were washed ashore, but they have been busy years and great changes have taken place. In Detroit there is a marvelous factory capable of producing Ford cars. But marvelous as has been the evolution of that grain of sand, it is as nothing when compared with the progress of its little cousin, for Mr. Ford's own body is a factory a thousand times more complicated than the factory that produces automobiles.

His body is composed of billions of little living cells, so wonderfully tempered together as to produce heat and motion, sustain life and render intelligent decisions. Of course, some of the more ignorant will contend that since the factory that produces autos is said to be the result of great intelligence, surely the factory in which Mr. Ford lives must be the product of a Master Mind. But many who are more scientifically minded have proven to their own satisfaction that although it is impossible to believe that the factory could be the result of chance, yet his body can be explained in no other way than by evolution.

This seems very reasonable to them, for since they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God has given them over to a reprobate mind to believe things which are not convenient and although they profess to be wise, yet in fact they have become fools, and their foolish hearts are darkened. (Romans 1:21-28.) If Mr. Ford's factory could come into existence only through great intellects, how did his body, which is a thousand times more complicated, ever find its place in life?

The human body is a factory of marvelous complications. There is a wonderful system of transportation and many other systems so perfectly tempered together, that to disturb one may cause death. Highways running through the entire structure are really great avenues of commerce where thousands of men with little red wheelbarrows are constantly at work carrying the needed supplies to the remote regions of the body.

These men go to the lungs and load up their wheelbarrows with oxygen and hurry

away to the liver, the kidneys or the feet. There they dump their loads of oxygen and load on carbondioxide and run back to the lungs. These red corpuscles work day and night so quietly that no sound is heard, and so constantly that they never stop to rest.

I one time visited a brick factory. Great chunks of clay had been cut out of the earth. They were then placed on a conveyor belt and run under two big grinder wheels while a small stream of water was moistening the grinding process. After the clay was ground and mixed with water it passed on over conveyor belts into a press where it was formed into bricks. If that brick factory was produced by great minds, how can our body be the result of chance when it works on much the same principle, only a thousand times more complicated, and so smoothly as to produce no noise?

A piece of bread is carried by the hands to the mouth. That alone is marvelous when we realize the many motors that must be brought into operation. The bread is placed between the set of knives in the fore part of the mouth and a switch is thrown. The motors quietly work and a piece of bread is cut off and falls back upon the conveyor. The bread is then taken over to the two big grinders in the side of the mouth, where it is ground thoroughly while some men with hoses are standing nearby and spraying saliva upon the grinding process.

Finally the bread is ground and ready to pass on. A man telephones to the brain, "Load ready for the stomach." The load must go through the throat and pass a fork in the road where one path leads to the stomach and the other to the lungs. A message is then sent to the motors or muscles between the ribs to "Hold;" this stops the breathing process. Then a message is sent to the man at the switch in the throat and the epiglottis flips over and covers the route to the lungs. Next, a message is sent to the conveyor, "Way clear to the stomach." Immediately the tongue acts and soon the load is in the stomach where other men will spray other liquids upon it, and make building material to be shipped over the entire body.

Sometimes the man at the switch has been up too late the night before and is sleepy, or for some other reason does not get the switch thrown in time, and we begin to cough while someone hits us on the back and says we got something in our Sunday throat.

A person may cut his foot on a piece of glass. A message is flashed to the brain, "Leak down here." Thousands of men are hired to run to the place with sand bags and stop the leak, while others begin to repair the broken parts.

A man working about a barn, scratches his hand on a harness buckle. Several disease germs jump off the buckle and stay in the wound. Immediately Mr. Germ begins to have big families but the watchmen of the body never sleep and as soon as they are aware of the intruder they send out a call for volunteers. Thousands of soldiers are rushed to the scene and the battle begins.

If the body is strong and healthy, Mr. Germ will soon be destroyed and the owner of the hand will look down in a few days and say, "Well that scratch is healed." But if his body is not strong enough to overcome Mr. Germ and his army, the man's neighbors will come to the home and endeavor to comfort the wife, while the home paper will carry a few lines of announcement concerning his death by lock jaw.

Certainly, "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made." (Psalm 139:14.)

THREE UNCLEAN FROGS

By Dr. Charles Thornton, Wichita, Kansas

WE ARE in a great world crisis. This crisis will culminate in the crash described as "the great tribulation" to be followed by the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, when He will inaugurate His Messianic Kingdom on this earth. The "Times of the Gentiles" spoken of by Jesus in His Olivet discourse (Luke 21-24), will close at the battle of Armageddon. On the Isle of Patmos, Jesus revealed to John that in the great crisis preceding His glorious appearing, there would be **three mighty Satanic forces** operating in the earth and that the rulers of this world would be inveigled by Satan to wage a battle against God. The Kings of the earth, and their armies will be led by these demon powers to the plains of Megiddo in Palestine, and the bloodiest battle ever known in human history will take place.

In Revelation 16:13-16 we read, "And I saw **three unclean spirits like frogs** come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty. Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame. And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon."

Now, this language makes it very clear that demon forces will be operating which will precipitate the final crisis at Armageddon. As there was intensified activity in the demon realm at the first coming of Christ, it is also prophesied that there will be intensified activity at the time of His second coming. There are three outstanding demon forces referred to and they are characterized as being "unclean spirits like frogs" going abroad in the world helping to prepare the nations for their final destruction. As we view the present world conditions, the light of divine prophecy, we can see the work of these three slimy, croaking creatures.

We read of a Satanic trinity: (1) the dragon, (2) the beast, and (3) the false prophet. Behind this trinity there is an organized demon intelligence and the three beings (dragon, beast, false prophet) of this trinity who are predicted as being operative on the earth represent three avenues of Satanic approach. From my knowledge of God's divine, infallible Word, I am prepared to say that I believe those demon forces are now with us, "working miracles," and like slimy frogs they are croaking all over the earth, they are undoubtedly preparing the nations for the final catastrophe. These unclean frogs are, in my opinion, **Fascism, Communism and Modernism.**

First Frog

When we think of Fascism our mind immediately turns to Italy. Under Mussolini his country has become a laboratory of experimentation out of whose mouth the spirit of dictatorship has come leaping upon the world. The term "Fascism" means more than a political party headed by Benito Mussolini; it is a great principle which is casting a black shadow over all parts of the world. We read about Fascism in Japan, China, Germany, America and other places. We think of Hitler and his Brown Shirts. We are being constantly reminded by Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for President, that the United States is devel-

oping a "capitalistic Fascism" which he says is destined to become a "financial dictatorship."

Let us look at the fountain-head of Fascism. Italy was in a great economic crisis following the World War and Benito Mussolini, a radical Socialist living in Northern Italy conceived this plan of government for his country, organized his forces, afterward known as the "black shirted militia," marched upon the city of Rome and in a short time became Dictator. His every whim now speaks terror to millions. In the very beginning of his career, he took as his emblem the "Fascies" of ancient Rome, and his army became known as the Facisti. Mussolini's whole philosophy of life is based on the principles of evolution and atheism, which says that "might makes right" and justifies the bloody idea of the "survival of the fittest." He never passes up an opportunity to eulogize war. He says, "It is blood that turns the wheels of the world."

True, he claims to be religious but he believes in a godless philosophy of life and Government, and since he is rapidly reviving the old Roman Empire, in accordance with divine prophecy, I am led to believe that when finally this ten kingdom world power as pictured in Daniel 7:23-28, is consummated, it will be an Anti-God form of Government, controlled by the prophesied Roman Prince, who will make a covenant with the Jews for a period of seven years. (Daniel 9:27). Revived Rome will be a system of Fascism according to Daniel.

The nationality of the coming Antichrist who will revive the old Roman Empire, is explained by Daniel. Some thought during the World War that the Antichrist might be a German, others a Turk, others a Russian, others a Jew, but Daniel says he will be a Roman. I quote Daniel 9:26, "And after threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for himself; and the people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and sanctuary; and the end thereof shall be with a flood, and unto the end of the war desolations are determined." Notice "the people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary;" the people who destroyed the city and the sanctuary were the Romans at the siege of Titus. Obviously the coming Antichrist will therefore be "a prince of the Romans." **Mussolini may be that man!** Certainly he is a good candidate for the office.

For three-and-a-half years the Antichrist will protect the Jews under the "covenant" according to Daniel 9:27. But, after three-and-a-half years, in "the midst of the week," the Dictator becomes Satan controlled and will regard the covenant with the Jews as a scrap of paper and will exalt himself to the position of their Messiah. Then shall come travail and sorrow to the Jew. Jeremiah describes it in the following language, "Ask ye now, and see whether a man doth travail with child? Wherefore do I see every man with his hands on his loins, as a woman in travail, and all faces are turned into paleness? Alas! for the day is great, so that none is like it. It is even the time of Jacob's trouble, but he shall be saved out of it." Jeremiah 30:6-7.

Second Frog

Communism, another slimy, croaking frog is the dominant force of Russia, and has made a godless nation out of that Country. Churches have been destroyed, Christians persecuted, and driven out of the Empire. As Fascism is the governing principle of godless dictatorships in the Western world,

Communism is the principle of godless dictatorships in the Eastern world. However, both of these slimy frogs are vomited out upon the whole world but eventually their specific activities will be concentrated upon two different sections of the earth and their final clashing together will constitute Armageddon, when East meets West to "fight it out." At the present time Communism is making the whole world to seethe with unrest. **The objective of the leaders in Moscow is to destroy every flag except the Red flag.** They have a dream of setting up a universal Empire in Moscow, at the head of which their Red leader will serve as world emperor. They do not hesitate to shake their fist in the face of God and defy all the forces of morality, righteousness, law and order. Communism exists for the deliberate purpose of overthrowing all systems of government and precipitate world wide revolutions.

Looking at the Red dream of world dominion through the eyes of prophecy we come to understand that the Reds are simply chess-men on the board, moved about, controlled and directed by unseen demon hands. In the final crisis Russia and Germany are to be united, and will form the great northern Confederacy of Ezekiel 38 and 39 chapters. Germany will soon become a Soviet Republic, and will be atheistic and Anti-God like Russia; at the close of the last seven years of this age, these two nations will, because of their hatred of England and the Jew, send a great army into Palestine, led by the Prince of Gog, the Red Superman. Ezekiel 38:13 says, "Sheba and Dedan, and the merchants of Tarshish with all the young lions thereof, shall say unto thee, Art thou, come to take the spoil? hast thou gathered thy company to take the prey? to carry away silver and gold, to take away cattle and goods, to take great spoil?"

It can be clearly proven from the Scripture that the merchants of Tarshish represent the mercantile nation of England and the "young lions" are offspring nations from the old lion. We know the young lions are represented by Australia, Canada, New Zealand and the United States. These Nations are all pro-Jew, and will be lined up with the mother country in the final crisis. The oil lands of Palestine, the wealth of the returning Jews and the chemical values of the Dead Sea will attract the greedy eye of the Reds. Led by Russia the eastern masses will sweep down upon the Holy Land, backed up by the millions of man power from the Orient. While on the other hand the Western nations will be favorable to the Jew and will be quick to come to his defense. Once more, and for the last time, Palestine, the country which has been the scene of so many bloody wars will be drenched in human blood.

Third Frog

Modernism is one of Satan's greatest inventions and we learn that from the mouth of the False Prophet it is to be spewed out upon the earth. It originates in the pit of Hell. The present day Modernism in the Church of Jesus Christ is only the beginning, the trickling brook which enlarges into a great flowing stream. The Modernism of today will expand, develop and draw to itself new forces which will eventually make it one of the three potent instruments of the Devil prior to the second coming of Christ. It will eventually embody the so-called "social qualities" of all religions and will evolve into a great humanitarian scheme of egotistical, self-worship at the head of which will stand the False Prophet, who will occupy a position at the side of the Antichrist. The Church of Jesus Christ has never faced such a deadly enemy. Like a poisonous viper curled up in her bosom, Modernism is depositing venom in the spiritual life of Christendom and the Church is

(Turn to page 13)

FAITH AND FEAR

By Frank Stollenwerck,
Attorney-at-law
Washington, D. C.

"I can't learn it, Mr. Sam," I sobbed as I threw the mental arithmetic book upon the floor, "I'll take my whipping." It was down in Montgomery, Alabama at Starke School for boys, that wonderful school of Christian principles, a hive of industry with the motto: "WORK WINS." "Mr. Sam" was the Principal's younger brother. He replied: "Let's go see Brother about this." I was but 12 years old and not anxious to see "Brother." He was no brother of mine, and I was scared, for "Brother" had a rule that when a boy missed his lessons and did not "get them off" by 4:30 Saturday afternoon he would get a whipping. Saturday was the pay day for all the lessons the boys owed for the week, and it was now late Friday afternoon. My faith in my ability to learn was gone. I remember distinctly I couldn't calculate $\frac{1}{2}$ of 75.

But I had to see "Brother," and he looked like a big man to me as he looked down from the rostrum at me and said: "Have you no grit?" I whimpered: "No Sir, Professor, I have no grit." "O, yes you have," he said quietly. "You can learn that lesson. Go back to the room and learn it." Well, I went back to the room and thought it over calmly: "Maybe I can learn this lesson. Both Professor and Mr. Sam say I can. They know so much. They must be right about this."

As faith in my ability drove away the fear of that whipping I learned the lesson, and soon was a free boy, pedaling homeward on my bicycle. It had been a long day and it seemed to me as I rode homeward the man in the moon was smiling, but I didn't care. I was right side up. Faith had conquered. Fear was gone. No whipping awaited me. It never had. Now, what had been my trouble? My light of faith had been hidden under a bushel of apprehension. I only needed the unobstructed rays of faith's light and the shadow of fear was gone—forever dispelled and useful only in retrospective contrast. Professor Starke had his rules of discipline which he did not waive, but he had vision and a Christian's heart and he knew better than I did what I could do.

So it has been in later years. The Great Schoolmaster Above knows us better than we do ourselves. When we are overwhelmed by life's difficult lessons He speaks to our trembling hearts: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Faith is the light of spiritual conviction making clear the pathway ahead and strengthening us for the journey forward. Fear is the darkness of disturbing doubt casting an ominous shadow over our pathway and distorting into foreboding size little obstacles which courage would use as stepping stones.

The world is an assemblage of contrasts. Strength is pitted against weakness. Good wrestles with evil. Hope leaves no room for despair. So faith is the absence of fear. There can be no fear where there is true and abiding faith for light dispels darkness. A quaking and a qualm may be surface wounds made by the outer edge of the rasp of fear as it irritates the tissues of faith. Yet quieting and quickening faith in the God of Battles who would arm us with the Sword of the Spirit will ever reinforce us against the weakening ravages of fear. Cowardice has no place in God's Great Plan. With supreme faith all that is purposeful is possible.

What inroads fear has made in our lives! We have feared they would criticize. There has been fear of losing money, of los-

ing social position, of being misunderstood, the fear of being laughed at, the fear of being considered a "crank," the fear of failure in every form. The resultant weakness due to fear has produced a general fear in the hearts of men as to what is coming on the earth. Men have capitalized cowardice in spiritual matters and the dividends many men are drawing are often but debit memoranda written in the suicide's letters of blood.

Now as never before sounds the Clarion of Faith. God is still calling out a people for His name. There is yet time, but we know not how long. Let us answer the call, seize the Life-line of Faith and thus be lifted far above the fear and doubts which so easily beset us. "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves. It is the Gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." Eph. 2:8, 9.

Grasp the Life-line, Brother, ere it be too late.
A loving Saviour holds it, and for you He doth wait;
Fear not what men may do; fear not what men may say:

The only fear that avails you here is the fear you'll leave God's Way.

The fear of God and faith in God reveal the Truth,—
The Truth that makes men free;

So grasp the Life-line, Brother, He holds for you and me.

THREE UNCLEAN FROGS (Continued from page 12)

rapidly becoming "the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." Revelation 18:2. In Matthew 13:31-32 Jesus refers to the Church as a grain of mustard seed which grew into a great tree and He says "the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." These birds are the same as referred to in Revelation 18:2 and they represent the heretical and false teachings which have crept into the Church of Jesus Christ of which Modernism is chief.

Modernism in our pulpits and in practically all Church colleges, is wrecking the faith of thousands, and because it takes away all fear of punishment from the hand of a just God, practically all normal moral restraint is torn away, and this has produced a reign of lawlessness such as the world has not known since Noah's time. Modernism is bringing on the great apostasy predicted by the Apostle Paul in II Thessalonians Chapter 2 and is rapidly preparing the world for the coming "Lawless One," the "Man of Sin," "the Son of Perdition" and the "False Prophet," whose portrait we behold in Revelation 13:11-17.

The End

Fascism, Communism and Modernism, are three demon forces and principles coming from the pits of hell. Like unclean, slimy frogs, croaking over the earth they will lead the nations to Armageddon, "For I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle; and the city shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished; and half of the city ravished; and half of the city shall go forth into captivity, and the residue of the people shall not be cut off from the city. Then shall the Lord go forth and fight against those nations, as when he fought in the day of battle. And his feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south. And the Lord shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one." Zechariah 14:2-4-9.

MARCONI says that the time is not far distant when we will communicate by radio with other planets. He says, "I do not agree that people are lunatics because they look forward to interplanetary radio communication."

Paul, An African Defender



Paul Nyecka Revere

The present writing, October 31st, finds the writer spending a few days on the beautiful campus of the Practical Bible Training School, in Binghamton, New York, while delivering a series of addresses in this vicinity. Out from these beautiful grounds there have gone scores of preachers, missionaries and evangelists, carefully trained in the art of soul winning. The campus covers 32 acres and is situated on the banks of the Susquehanna River. It was here that I met Paul Nyecka Revere, whose picture appears with this article. Mrs. Winrod and I met Paul last summer while engaged in a Bible Conference which was being held in the spacious auditorium of the school. Paul is an energetic man, dramatic in appearance, keen of intellect and intensely sincere. He is much loved and respected on these grounds and is highly recommended by the officials of the School.

Paul has finished his work and is ready to return to his country, Liberia, the black republic in West Africa. He is deeply concerned about the salvation of the Kru tribes. In these columns there have appeared stories about the great Mass Movement in West Africa under the leadership of William Harris, the strange black man, who appeared suddenly in the Ivory Coast in 1914 and conservative estimates say that 100,000 conversions accompanied his efforts. Harris was called the "Black Prophet." The Defenders Movement interested itself in this missionary challenge some years ago and among other things supplied the money with which to build a Bible School to train Harris converts. Imagine my delight when I learned that Paul came from the same Kru tribe and as a young man had assisted Harris in the early days of his evangelism in Liberia. Imagine my greater delight when I learned that Paul had finished his school work and was waiting at that moment for somebody to back him in a way that would make possible his immediate return. It was such an obvious leading of the Holy Spirit that I felt impressed to tell Paul that the Defender Family would assume the responsibility of his support if he cared to return and plunge into an immediate revival in the nature of a soul winning campaign, which would take him through the entire twelve Kru tribes, lasting about one year, being an intensive preaching campaign.

During the last two months I have made the need of this work known and Defender readers have accepted the challenge to the extent of sending in \$416.40. We find that to make possible the launching of this campaign we should have approximately \$600.00 to cover traveling expenses from Binghamton to Liberia and incidentals in getting the Crusade started. Paul is thoroughly consecrated to the task. We hope to have him sail between the middle of November and the first of December. One hundred cents of every dollar sent to the Wichita, Kansas headquarters of the Defenders Movement designated for this purpose will be used directly for the cause, not one cent being appropriated for any other purpose. Let other members of the Defender Family respond quickly!

DEFENDER BOOK DEPARTMENT



Books reviewed in this Department may be ordered from The Defender Publishers, Wichita, Kansas.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE." By Evangeline Booth. Published by the Salvation Army. Price 25 cents; 40 pages.

No person is better qualified to discuss the moral and economic values of Prohibition than this writer. Commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, Evangeline Booth's organization is in position to know what conditions were like in the days of the saloon because of the nature of its work among the poorer classes and in the slum sections of the large cities.

Without hesitation, she assures the reader that Prohibition has lessened vice and crime. She asserts unalterable opposition to the return of the saloon and "the futile policy of trying to solve this problem by legislation of light wines and beer." She knows it is not wine and beer the Wets want; she knows that whisky alone will satisfy the depraved appetites of the victims of the alcoholic drug.

She asserts that drinking on the Bowery has declined 60 percent since Prohibition and that the district nearby used to have 100 open saloons, most of them having "ladies' parlors"—all of which has been abolished. Taking note of the lodging houses which used to traffic in prostitution and recalling the place where dope and alcohol once thrived, Commander Booth says: "Prohibition has driven all this illicit traffic under cover and out of sight."

She also makes this challenge: **A law that can not close a speakeasy can not keep the saloon from coming back!** She condemns the "selfish appetite" for the liquor drug and expresses contempt for the thirst of "financial gain" on the part of liquor manufacturers who yearn to profit from the downfall of the poor and laboring classes. She proves that Prohibition is the friend of the poor.

"THE LAST HOUR OF GENTILE RULE." By A. Sims, Dr. Grattan Guinness and D. M. Pantan. Published by A. Sims. Price 20 cents; 20 pages.

On the introductory page, the reader is made this promise concerning the contents of the booklet: "Showing from the Word of God that the sands have nearly all run out of the hour-glass of Gentile world rule; that VERY SOON the great climax of the ages will burst upon vast multitudes of unready church members and a rebellious world." The purpose of this prophetic message is to offer evidence; the reader is then asked to draw his conclusion. In piling up the evidence a number of writers are quoted. History is shown to be cast into the moulds of prophecy and the Gentile kingdoms, including Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece and Rome, are placed in their proper positions. The fifth and final Gentile power is shown to be in the process of making at the present time. Its center will be in Europe but its operations will be world-wide.

"THE SNAKE." By O. J. McClure. Published by the Author. Price 25 cents; 64 pages.

It is to be hoped that the title of this valuable book, in defense of Prohibition, will in no way interfere with its sale. The title comes from a snake which the author saw when he was a farmer boy working in a timothy field. The snake was crawling toward him in the stubbles when his father, with a powerful blow of his pitchfork, severed its head. We read, "But the snake kept moving—not in any one direction. How it could keep active after its head had been cut off was a puzzle to me. My father told me that snakes always acted that way while they were dying. Since then I have seen many snakes killed, and they always writhe and twist and squirm at a furious rate for a while; the tail, the part farthest from the brains if a snake

has brains, keeping up the activity longest . . . In 1920 I saw a snake's head cut off—the biggest snake I have ever seen. On account of its size it could wriggle and writhe longer than the others. This snake was the liquor business."

And now we settle down to a study of one of the most remarkable attacks on King Alcohol that has ever been published. It seems that Mr. McClure leaves out nothing as he attacks the methods of the Wets, exposes their falsehoods, and discusses the economic, moral, spiritual, legal and political problems involved. No reader will be sorry for having invested a quarter in this book.

A Sermon In Congress

(Editor's Note: We reach into an old number of the Congressional Record for the following address, delivered by William D. Upshaw. No other man ever dared to say some of the things that Mr. Upshaw said before Congress. His addresses were frequently sermons. The following message is a plea for "Justice to Jewish Soldiers." Notice, Mr. Upshaw was interrupted twice by other Congressmen during the short speech.)

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the House, I was profoundly impressed a few days ago with a conversation I had with Maj. C. C. Bateman, the honored dean of the chaplains of the whole Army. He has given 30 years to service as an Army chaplain. Being a Baptist himself and trained in the foundation principles of individual responsibility to God and the competence of each soul in religion, that grand old man told me he had witnessed with positive pain the religious loneliness of the Hebrew soldier. Whatever may be said of the many other faiths they all represent some phase of Christianity. But the Hebrew soldier, representing that splendid contingent of our citizenship that has made such a priceless contribution to our patriotism and our commercial prowess is, as he expressed it, "neither flesh, fish, nor fowl" in the recognition of the religious life of the Army.

Mr. Cannon. Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Upshaw. Yes, certainly.

Mr. Cannon. The Hebrews are Unitarians, and so are the Unitarians that are not Hebrews.

Mr. Upshaw. I would remind my honored friend that it is not the province of this Government to be a patron of any particular form of religion, but recognizing the place of religion in establishing morale in the citizen and the soldier, it is the duty of the Government to encourage any religion that inspires reverence for God and makes for morality.

Mr. Cannon. If the gentleman will allow me, I am of that view. I am not antagonizing that view.

Mr. Upshaw. And for that reason I wish to emphasize this fact: If it is the duty of this Government to pay our honored Chaplain to pray in this House every morning for the good influence it has, and he is a Christian minister, because the Christian religion is the dominant faith of the Members of this House; if it is the duty of this Government to provide a chaplain of the religious faith that is dominant in our Army, whether protestant or Catholic, I do not think the Government can afford to maintain an attitude toward the Hebrew that can mean but one of two things—either religious neglect or religious coercion. I had prepared an amendment to offer directing the Secretary of War to appoint five Hebrew chaplains at large, but if he has the right already to do this thing, then I would like to go on record as favoring an appointment in the Regular Establishment of enough Hebrew chaplains to minister to our Jewish soldiers. Manifestly there

are so few of them it would not be practicable to have one for each unit.

Mr. Newton of Minnesota. Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Upshaw. Yes.

Mr. Newton of Minnesota. During the war they did have Hebrew chaplains. I had the pleasure of meeting one overseas myself.

Mr. Upshaw. Yes; but they were emergency wartime appointments. I am speaking of chaplains that shall be permanent, and so located geographically that they can minister to the Hebrew soldier, who otherwise would be neglected. I am thinking now of an honest Polish Hebrew, bending beneath his peddler's pack, who used to visit my father's home, bowing always with the family around the family altar at the hour of evening worship. Kindness won his heart, and he came at last to acknowledge Christ as his own Redeemer; and I say this as my last word, that personally, as a Christian man myself, I would that every honest Hebrew would see in the Hebrew Christ the Messiah who has already come and who has meant so much to me in my own heart and life, but until he does, as long as the Hebrew soldier wishes his own rabbi as his teacher, then, in the name of the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, and the God of American freedom, I say let the voice of the Hebrew soul be heard. (Applause.)

PENNSYLVANIA'S Senator Reed, spokesman for the present Wet Republican administration, predicts the return of "legalized beer" within six months "because the prohibition law will be amended to follow the lines advocated by President Hoover next Congress." Another reason why a Christian's vote for either Roosevelt or Hoover is a wasted vote! Upshaw is the only Dry Presidential candidate!

"ADVANCE, work, and if and when necessary, fight." Thus barked Mussolini on October 24th, while making a speech in which he served notice upon the world that while seeking peace he was ready for war at any time. He scornfully declared that the League of Nations was sick, but said that he was willing to sit by the "bedside." He also slapped President Hoover's campaign square in the face by demanding that the United States cancel or reduce its war debts.

CLIP THIS

And enclose it with a letter and 10 cents (three copies, 25 cents) for a copy, or copies, of the booklet, "Who Kidnapped and Killed the Lindbergh Baby?", which is the complete text of an address delivered by Clinton N. Howard on the "high day" this year at the Wino Lake Chautauqua and Bible Conference Assembly. A tremendous message! An unanswerable indictment against underworld activities working in league with corrupt politicians. Order from The Defenders, Wichita.

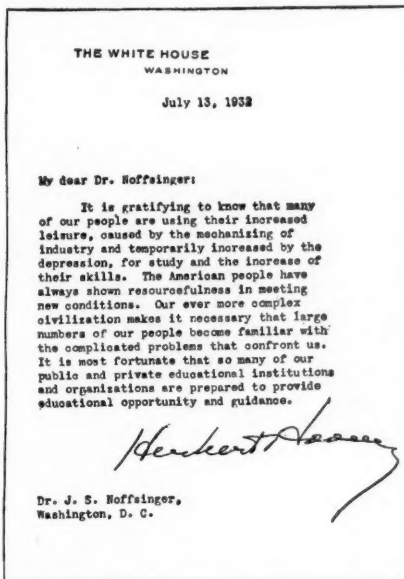
EDUCATION AVAILABLE TO EVERY NEED AND CONDITION

By J. S. Noffsinger

It is no longer necessary to argue regarding the necessity or the value of an education for every individual. God put the seal of His approval upon learning when He chose a man "skilled in all the wisdom and learning of the Egyptians" to lead forth His chosen people, to organize them into a nation, to enact legislature in their behalf and to set up a code of religious formula which has enabled the Jew to maintain his identity for almost four thousand years. Hats off to this University man—Moses, few men have left such a permanent impression on society as he.

Then again, it was not a mere coincidence that the man who wrote more than one half of the New Testament (Paul) had a thorough training in one of the two greatest educational centers of his day (Tarsus) and later had a post graduate course "at the feet of Gamaliel," who is considered to have been one of the greatest of Hebrew teachers. God never makes a mistake—when He wants a big job done right He always gets the best qualified man available to do it.

Yes, the truly educated man always has and probably always will continue to make



himself a dominating factor in all social and spiritual enterprises that are worth while. Unfortunately the idea is all too common that when a young man or woman graduates from high school, college or university, or from some technical or professional course that he or she is then an "educated" person and that it is no longer necessary to study diligently if they would achieve to a moderate degree that which might be called success. In speaking of this matter some time ago, Mr. Newton D. Baker, our former Secretary of War said, "It is now becoming more and more true that those who break off education as a continuous process rapidly become uneducated. For not only does what they once knew become rusty and useless, but the growth of new knowledge passes them by and leaves them adrift in a world which they are not qualified to understand."

During the past years a new emphasis has been placed upon education as a lifelong process. This new movement which has been fostered largely by the Carnegie Corporation of New York is known as "Adult Education." There are many agencies which are now attempting to keep the adult informed on various subjects, among which are the library, the press, the radio, evening and vacation schools, discussion clubs, correspondence schools, etc.

Perhaps one of the more important of these agencies and also one of the greatest of recent contributions to American education is the home study or correspondence school. According to the National Home Study Council of Washington, D. C. there

are available today approximately 25,000 correspondence courses covering almost every field of the liberal arts and sciences, as well as most of the trades and vocations. These formal study courses may be secured for a nominal tuition fee by any one within the reach of the United States mails. The total annual enrollment in these schools is now approximately the same as that of our colleges and universities—three quarters of a million.

Of course mere numbers mean little, but the fact that there are more than 5,000 industrial and commercial corporations which now have contractual relations with these correspondence schools to furnish instruction for the upgrading of their employees, and in many cases pay a part or all of the tuition fees, is most significant. Business organizations which thus invest sums of money in their employees do so upon the firm belief that it is a sound investment and will eventually pay satisfactory dividends in both efficiency and loyalty. The average high school and even the college graduate, is usually almost useless except as a mere clerk handling routine matters, when he

(Turn to page 16)

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EDUCATION AVAILABLE TO EVERY NEED AND CONDITION

(Continued from page 15)

first enters an industrial or commercial organization. His traditional course of study has not prepared him for any particular "bread and butter" job, except in very rare instances. As a result it requires a certain amount of time to "find himself"—that is to decide in which department of the, let us say industrial organization, he will wish to enter as a life vocation. If he should choose the production end, then he would wish to enroll in some home study courses which will give him the required technical information which can produce a commercial skill. If he should choose the distribution end of the business, he would then enroll for such home study courses as salesmanship, advertising, traffic management, etc. If on the other hand the management or administrative end of the business was more to his liking he would then select such courses as personnel administration, office management, banking, accountancy, business law, etc. For each and every need there are now splendid home study courses available and business is rapidly turning to accept these aids.

These courses of study are usually prepared by some of the most eminent authorities in each of these particular fields. Always great care is taken to write them in simple language and to illustrate every principle set forth by cuts, photographs and drawings. The actual cash cost for the preparation of individual or single home study courses often exceeds a total of \$100,000. After examining a number of these vocational home study courses a few years ago one of our larger educational foundations pronounced some of their textual materials to be "the best vocational literature available today in any language."

The United States government has also put its approval on education by the correspondence method in that it has secured a number of these vocational courses of study and has made them available to our Marines who are scattered throughout the entire world. The government has also supplied correspondence courses to the enlisted men in the Navy and to all reserve army officers. Excellent results are reported as having been secured from their use.

Ten years ago—even five years ago, the average working week consisted of five and one half days of eight hours each. Today and probably during the future, due to the mechanizing of industry, the working week will consist of not more than five days of six hours each—a decrease of 14 hours or almost 33 1/3% in the length of the time spent in productive employment. Many view this increased amount of leisure time with much misgiving. It contains the possibilities of either a social boon or calamity—depending upon how it shall be used by our citizenry. It is the hope of the many of our educational and social leaders that a major part of this additional leisure time will be devoted to a self improvement program, for in our rapidly evolving civilization that man or woman who refuses to continuously prepare himself or herself to know more intelligently and to understand more sympathetically even the most casual daily vocation, will soon find themselves to be unable to understand fully the social needs and to serve in the most acceptable manner.

(A list of home study schools offering approved courses in any desired subject within the field of the liberal arts and sciences, trades or vocations, will be sent to anyone requesting same from the National Home Study Council, Washington, D. C.)

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WITH MOODY DURING THE WORLD'S FAIR IN CHICAGO

(Continued from page 1)

field, Massachusetts, where a great Bible Conference was in progress, which said that his friends there felt that he needed aid to carry on his Chicago work and that they had just raised \$3,000.00. After a brief prayer of thanksgiving he rushed back into his work again. While the other people who had joined with him in praying were electrified by this phenomenal answer to prayer, Mr. Moody took it in a matter-of-fact way as though he had firmly expected God to answer while they were on their knees. I have never known another man who possessed the direct, penetrating faith that Moody had.

Some times he would come before the students and pour out his very soul in a message, telling them how they should be right with God, live clean lives, and be out after souls. One day he announced that he had secured Barnum and Bailey's show tents for two hours for two Sundays. He asked the students to go out and get audiences to crowd the tents. He used unique card announcements. When I looked them over I saw they surpassed any advertisements of the day. Moody was a great advertiser. Few people could get up publicity and advertising material that was as striking as what Moody used.

He refused to be held in check or circumscribed by the beaten paths and usual methods of his day. He was always doing the unexpected and unusual thing. Whoever heard of renting a circus tent for an evangelistic service? His revolutionary methods often brought criticism against him from clergymen and other religious leaders. Moody had his enemies, powerful enemies, like every man who dares to launch out in faith. No doubt much of his criticism was the result of jealousy. Small minds who dared to oppose him simply lacked capacity to understand the bigness of his heart, soul and vision.

Well, we went out to get him a crowd for the old circus tent. And Oh, how the people thronged the place! He put Dr. John McNeal on as the first speaker at ten o'clock. A great crowd thronged the tent until no more could get in. Then Mr. Moody followed with a powerful evangelistic message so characteristic of him. He then drew the net with a wonderful response.

One day he announced that he had to fill a hall that he had rented with sixteen thousand people and every one was to go out and help advertise. We did so and it was a great sight to see the hall crowded as he was preaching. People cried out, "What must I do to be saved?"

His sermons were so simple, clear, Scriptural and convincing that you could not forget them. You were so held by the force of his personality and prayer life that you would not want to miss a single word that fell from his lips. He was dead in earnest, a man of great faith, practical, burdened for souls, putting his gifts and very life into everything he did to glorify Jesus Christ. He was a man who worked with all of his might while working, and who relaxed completely when he rested. Sometimes he would drop down for just a short nap, get up refreshed and then he would be at it again, with all his soul. Everyone around him was ready to do his bidding, feeling that he was led of God.

Sometimes when the workers and students would get very tired, he would call a meeting in the Lecture Hall and have an hour or two of social time, with clean stories. Some would relate experiences and there would be much singing. I remember one time that he had the English people sing "God save the King," and then the Americans sing "America." When he had finished the little contest along these lines, he suggested that all join in singing,

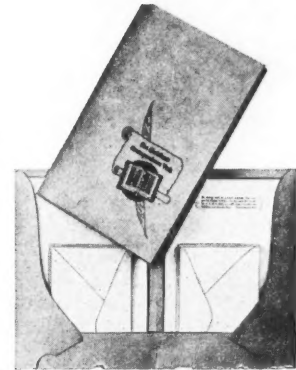
"Blessed be the Tie that Binds," and closed with a few words of prayer and thanksgiving. After such a social hour he would urge everyone to get back into the work and do their best. It seemed that the students, as well as the workers, were delighted to work with Mr. Moody no matter how hard they were asked to work as Moody always led the way by giving his best. He never said "Go on;" he always said, "Come on."

Sometimes he would come in and take off the regular sessions at school and say that he wanted the students to hear certain speakers he had secured. He wanted them to speak to the students and spur them to more zeal. His work was all very practical. He would smash a custom any time in order to get a result. No one ever questioned his sincerity.

Often when he would have a great burden, and would come in and lecture to the students himself, in a short time he would have them on their knees calling on God for victory. No man could work with Mr. Moody without learning many lessons and having his faith strengthened. I personally owe much to Mr. Moody for whatever success I had in evangelistic work and in founding and building up the Practical Bible Training School during the last thirty-one years.

The principles that he instilled into me I have tried to carry out and I shall never cease to thank God that I was allowed to be with this man. In his youth, he heard the saying, "The world is waiting to see what God can do with a man whom He can fully control." And when a young man, Moody knelt and was heard to say, "I'll be that man by the help of God."

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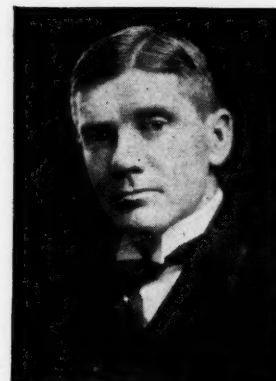
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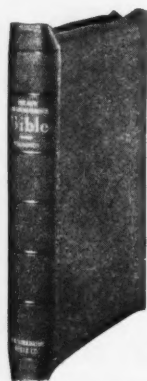
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